BRITANNIA and EVE

JANUARY
1945

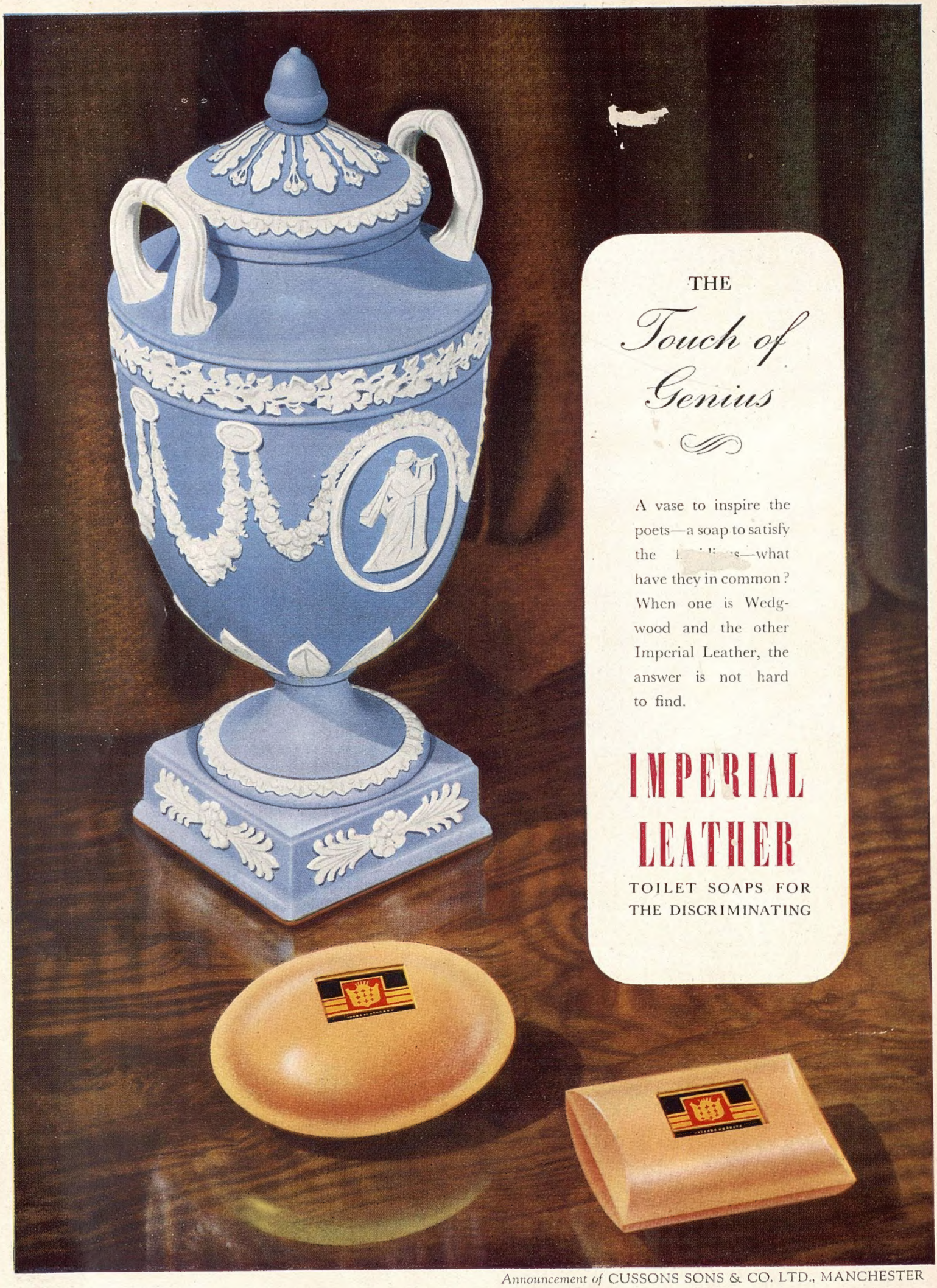
DAY RUSSELL
ARTHUR MILLS

GORDON BECKLES
JANE GORDON

F. MATANIA, R.I.

1/3

WITH COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS


THE
Touch of Genius
A vase to inspire the poets—a soap to satisfy the [illegible]s—what have they in common? When one is Wedgwood and the other Imperial Leather, the answer is not hard to find.
IMPERIAL LEATHER
TOILET SOAPS FOR THE DISCRIMINATING

Announcement of CUSSONS SONS & CO. LTD., MANCHESTER

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 30, No. 1 JANUARY, 1945

THIS IS ENGLAND (I) The Village Street at Finchingfield, Essex

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by *Critchlow*

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.

OVERHEARD IN A CAMP

"... But how do you manage for wringing?"

"My dear, didn't *I* tell you. Our Q.M. store has an ★Acme and we're all allowed to use it. You've no idea how much energy it saves, and how crisp and clean my things come out."

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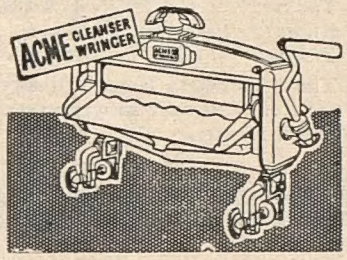

Teach children

KERB DRILL

See that they always do it and set a good example by doing it yourself.

△

1 At the Kerb **HALT**

2 **EYES RIGHT**

3 **EYES LEFT**

then if the road is clear

4 **QUICK MARCH**

Don't rush

Cross in an orderly manner

He's starting the right way...

. . . and does he enjoy the rub down with those soft, cosy "Morning Joy" towels that both mother and dad always use!

Not easy to buy — demands of the services must come first.

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Wise pre-vision and long-term planning in the years before the war prepared the Railways for their great task.

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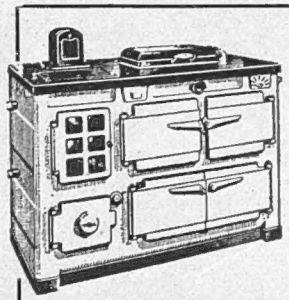

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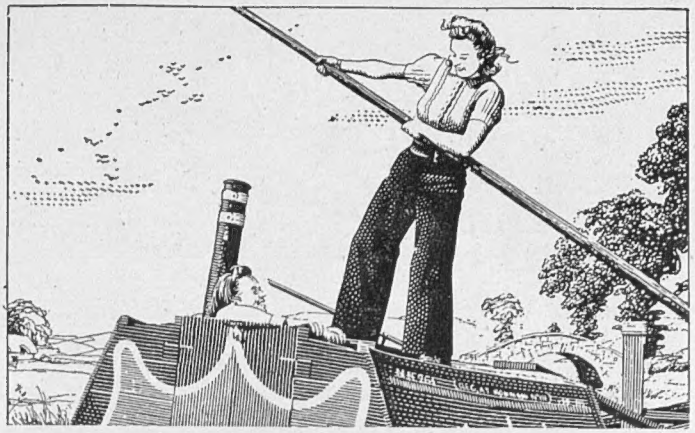
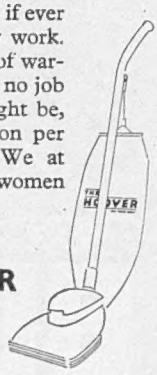


The Hand that held the Hoover guides the Barge!

A Woman Bargee? That's a man's job, you'd think, if ever there was one. Certainly it's hard work and heavy work. But there are very few men's jobs that the women of war-time Britain haven't learnt to tackle! It's because no job has daunted them, however hard or unusual it might be, that Britain today can claim the highest production per head of population of all the allied countries. We at Hoover Ltd. are proud to pay our tribute to the women war-workers of Britain, and say



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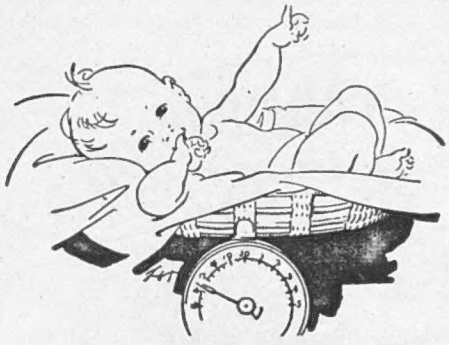

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Deep, peaceful, unbroken sleep is vital to infant growth. When baby is cross, fretful, sleepless, those weekly ounces of gain do not appear on the scales. Mother, take care! Look to baby's digestion.

The minute you see baby feverish, constipated, suffering with wind, just give a little 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid. Soon comes pleasant relief. 'Milk of Magnesia' safely and surely sweetens the sour little stomach, regulates the tiny bowels, soothes and calms baby. And with sourness and sickness gone, with bowel movements regular, you are overjoyed to see restful, healthy sleep again. Baby makes those steady gains in weight that are the delight of every Mother.

Doctors and Nurses recommend 'Milk of Magnesia' as a safe antacid and gentle laxative for babies.

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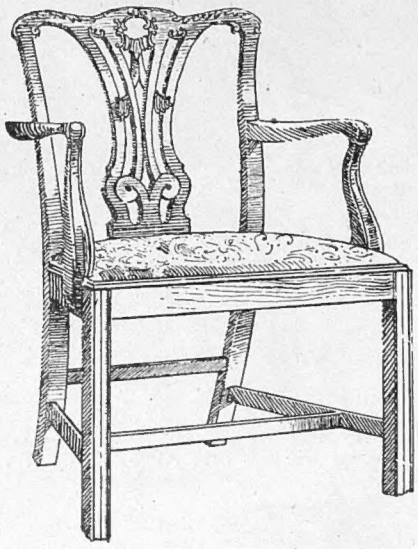

To those needing to furnish a home we suggest an inspection of our 18th and early 19th century antique pieces of which we have a wide and carefully chosen selection.

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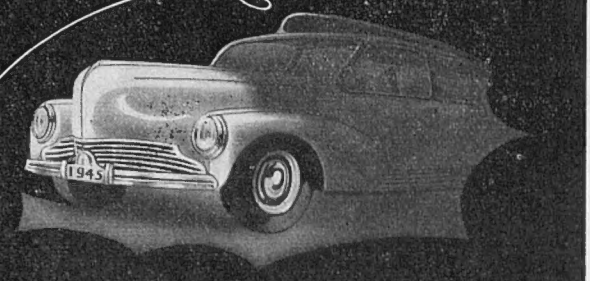
B38

As the shadows of war recede



—light will also be thrown on the Bluecol mystery. To-day its precious ingredients are a vital need of the Services, but we may reasonably hope for their release before very long.

In the meantime, we shall remain faithful to our decision, not to imperil the good name of Bluecol by offering a substitute to our friends in the motoring world.

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR

BLUECOL

THE *SAFE* ANTI-FREEZE

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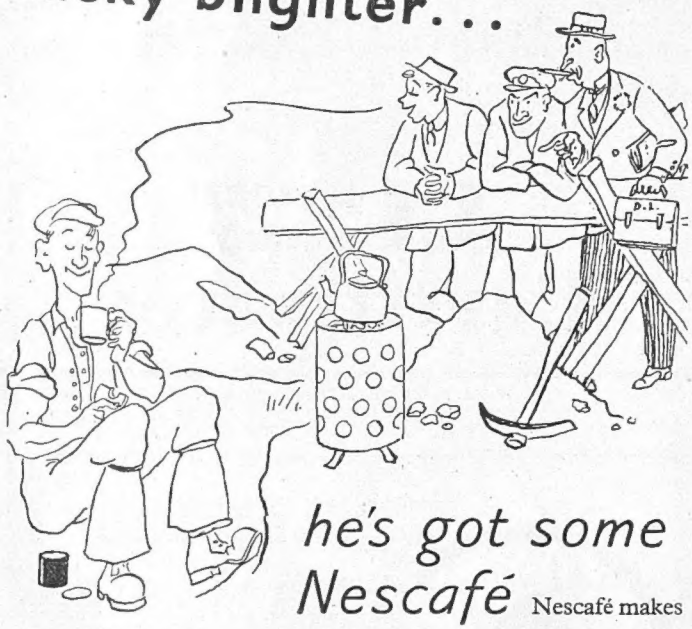

he's got some Nescafé Nescafé makes a grand drink in the most primitive conditions. No grounds; no mess; no coffee-pot. Just a spoonful in the cup, hot water, and there you are! Unfortunately, supplies won't stretch to cover overwhelming demand. But you may be lucky at the grocer's one day.

NESCAFÉ

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

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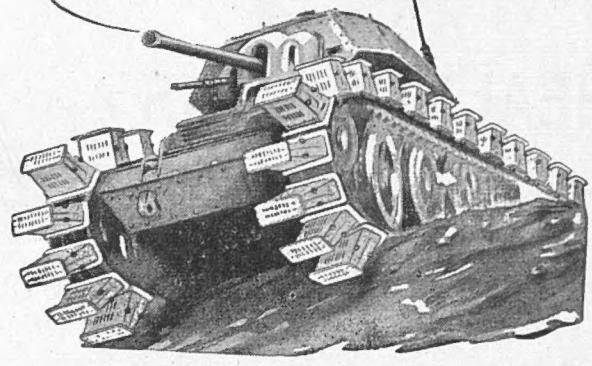
Tanks can't run on toasters



—So G.E.C. Toasters are temporarily unobtainable, the same as most other of the Company's Household Electric Appliances, to reappear after the war in new and better designs, to give you a fresh appreciation of how much electricity can do in the home; but until then metal and labour must be diverted to priority requirements.

G.E.C.

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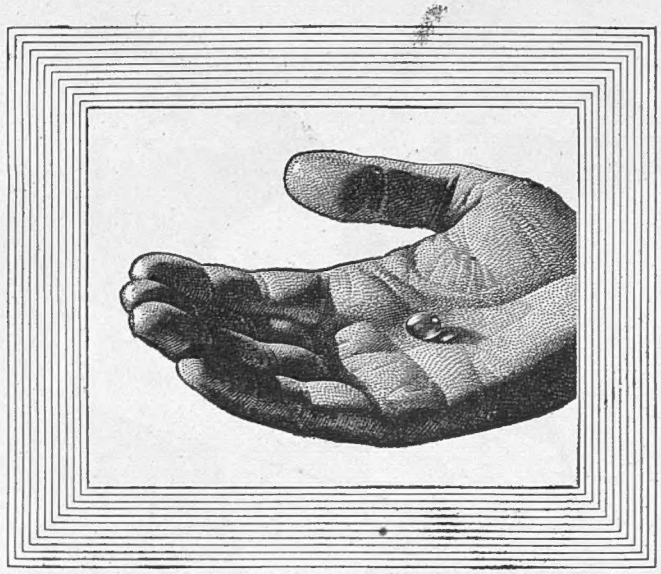

C4

AN ESSENTIAL OF WARTIME DIET

Stored in this tiny capsule are two vitamins without which it is impossible to maintain health. They are 'protective' vitamin A and 'sunshine' vitamin D and, unfortunately, they are not always readily obtainable in a wartime diet. A daily dose of Crookes' Halibut Oil—one of the richest natural sources of these vitamins—will build up your resistance and stamina and prove of inestimable value during this sixth winter of war.

CROOKES' HALIBUT OIL

OBTAINABLE ONLY FROM CHEMISTS

Capsules—per bottle of 100—8/6 Liquid—per phial—enough for 16 days 2/-

Templeton's "AYR" WOOLS

AYR WOOLS

Supplies are still being delivered to regular stockists

JAMES TEMPLETON & SON, LTD.
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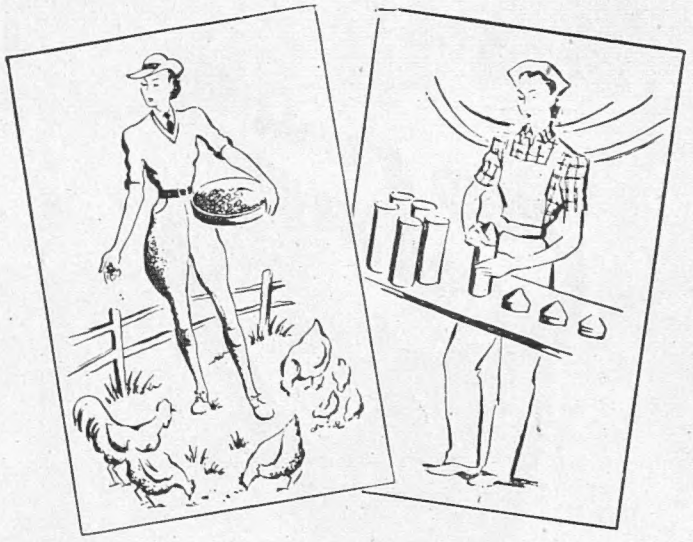

FOR wartime work and wartime pleasure; for peacetime tasks and peacetime joys—Anne French Cleansing Milk answers your need. For looking your loveliest for his *leave; for looking your best at work and rest time, you need Anne French Cleansing Milk. It not only deep cleanses the pores, getting rid of blackheads and other skin blemishes; but it soothes and protects your skin as well. For now and after the War, Anne French Cleansing Milk is more than a toilet luxury; it is a daily necessity.*

CLEANSING MILK BY

Anne French

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Straight tip for smart girls ! To banish all perspiration taint : put 1 teaspoon of 'Milton' in a glass of water and, after washing, bathe underarms. 'Milton' costs 8d. and 1/11½d. To know all the essential facts about feminine hygiene : read *Married Wisdom*, a booklet written by a woman doctor. Send 1d. stamp to Milton Antiseptic Ltd., Dept. 2, John Milton House, London, N.7.

Mr. Pecksniff and his daughters with Tom Pinch take a dish of tea

CHARLES DICKENS records that on a certain occasion this good and great man said "Let us be merry," and, it is added, took a biscuit; just a biscuit.

How much merrier the tea-party would have been with

WESTON *Biscuits*

Mother!

NEED ASTHMA SPOIL HER LIFE?

IF your child shows a tendency towards "chestiness" continual cold-catching or congestion, take care—that way lies ASTHMA—scourge of childhood and old age.

Never neglect the symptoms. Directly danger threatens use POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE—the remedy your grandparents knew and used.

Easy and pleasant to use—just let the little sufferer inhale the pleasant healing fumes which *at once* ease the congestion and catarrh.

Wonderful for Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Hay Fever, etc. Get a tin today and keep yourself free. *Thousands take it on the advice of their doctors.* All chemists, Herbalists and Stores 2'2 (inc. Pur. Tax).

POTTER & CLARKE LTD., 60/62 Artillery Lane, London, E.1

WHAT WILL IT BE!

A CRAFTSMAN, one of the most highly skilled glass-makers in the world, is shaping a globule of molten glass into part of an important war-winning machine. To-day, his skill is devoted to war; when normal conditions return, the molten glass he swings and blows with such dexterity will make Phoenix clear glass oven-ware.

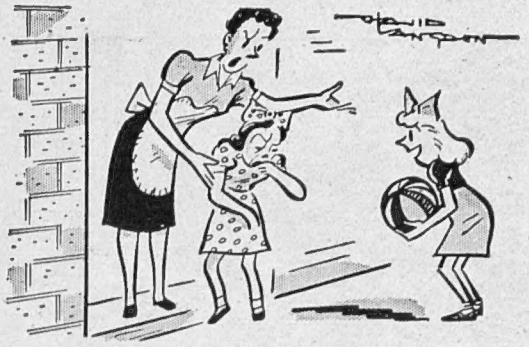
The limited supplies of wartime will give place to the abundance of peace, and women everywhere will be able to cook and serve meals in the Phoenix clear-glass way.

PHOENIX
REGD. TRADE MARK

THE CLEAR GLASS OVEN-WARE

CLEAR AND STAYS CLEAR

"I don't want to!"



Oh, those grizzles! Try your patience, don't they? But peevishness is a sure sign of over-fatigue and scolding won't put that right. The most common cause of fatigue is under-nourishment. A good appetite is no insurance against it, because many foods are low in nutritive value. More fats of the right kind would make a world of difference.

Rationing isn't to blame. Growth and development put a big strain on a child's physique, and diet experts are keen on cod liver oil as an 'extra,' even in times of greatest plenty. That's because it is such a fine natural source of essential fats.

The richest, most dependable cod liver oil is SevenSeaS. It is a pure, sea-fresh oil, palatable, digestible and highly concentrated. A vitalizing *food* which has been proved to be essential for the building of firm bodies, strong bones and sound teeth. Give your children a little SevenSeaS with every meal. It will give them good reserves of energy and help them to keep cold germs at bay.

SevenSeaS pure Cod Liver Oil from Chemists, in 3 forms. Standard Oil 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6. Concentrated Oil 1/9. Concentrated Oil in Capsules from 1/9.

PURE SEVENSEAS COD LIVER OIL

it's new!

PERFUMED BATH OIL BY COTY

Imparts a lasting fragrance to your skin

HERE is a new and exciting Coty creation for the bath —Coty Bath Oil. One drop (never more than two) added to the bath imparts to your body a lasting fragrance. Your skin absorbs the perfume as you bath. This new luxury is the first of many that Coty have been planning. Coty Bath Oil costs twenty-one shillings, including purchase tax. It is a very concentrated perfume. Remember never to use more than one or two drops per bath.

BATH OIL by Coty

WORLD *without* BOOKS

Life is like that for many people today—for those in the Forces, for instance. Knowing how much it means to yourself to have something good to read, it is easy to imagine how much *more* books must mean to Service folk in their brief moments of leisure.

It is so easy to pass on the books you've finished with so that they may bring some comfort to book-starved men and women in the Forces. All you need do is to hand them over the counter at any Post Office—unwrapped, unaddressed and unstamped. Please *don't* take them to a W. H. Smith & Son bookshop or bookstall—the Post Office is the proper place. They have facilities for passing them on, and you may be sure that every book (or periodical for that matter—there's a great demand for magazines in the Services) will be sent without delay direct to where the need is greatest.

Let *your* books go on Active Service again. Send them to the men and women in the forces.

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PALMOLIVE

4d. *Including Tax*

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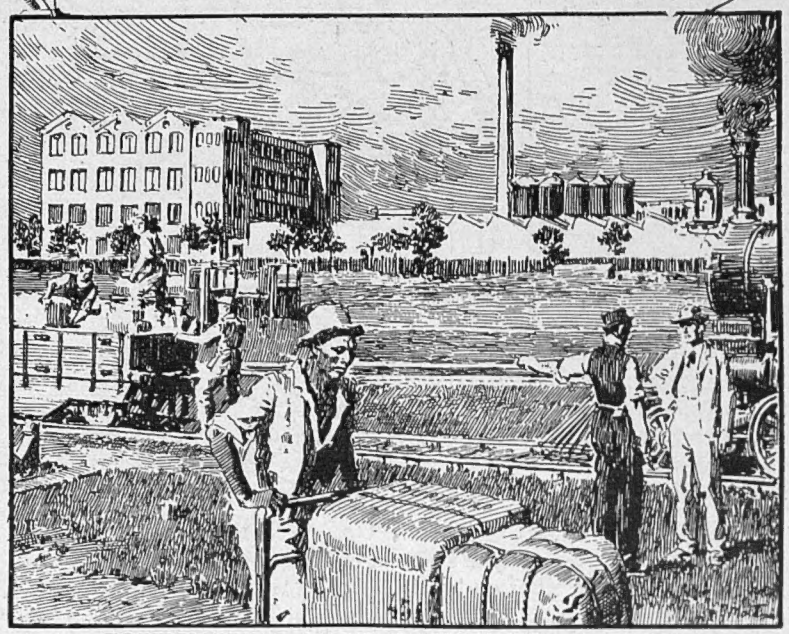


COURTAULDS TAKE RAYON TO AMERICA

WHEN Courtaulds first American factory was built, a large number of the key men from the English Company settled in America and piloted the new enterprise through its early stages. That was in 1910, and for a decade thereafter this associate company of Courtaulds remained the only manufacturers of rayon yarn in the United States.

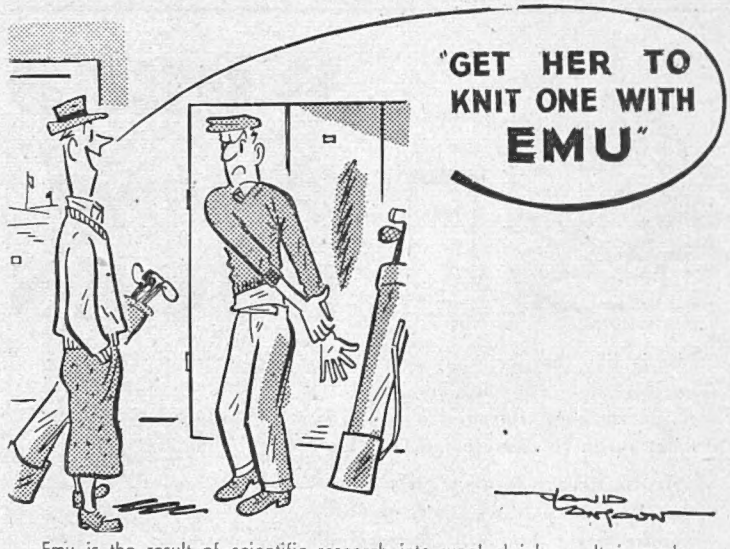
In 1916 the American factory was producing over five million pounds of yarn a year. In 1917 another new factory of vast dimensions was erected and the output of yarn steadily increased. This American business, established by a British Company just before the 1914 war, had thus grown to be one of the major industries in the United States prior to the present conflict.

War creates shortages: not the least disconcerting is the present scarcity of Courtaulds rayons, so much admired for their practical loveliness. It may not be long, however, before they are back again in greater variety and beauty than ever.

COURTAULDS—the greatest name in RAYON

always look for the name **MORLEY**

STOCKINGS · UNDIES · KNITWEAR · GLOVES



Emu is the result of scientific research into wool shrinkage. It is made permanently unshrinkable and easy washing by a secret process called "emunising." This process is controlled and tested at every stage by an expert technical staff, supervising highly skilled operatives.

Send for a copy of "Science and Wool" booklet which explains why Emu wool is unshrinkable. Price 1d.

KNIT WITH Emu UNSHRINKABLE WOOLS

and stop thinking about shrinking

Priority demands for wool mean short supplies to-day.

EMU WOOLS LTD., EMU HOUSE, OXFORD CIRCUS, W.1

Britannia and Eve JANUARY 1945

Trudi, the Hungarian gipsy dancer, was enticing Peter to sit with her in the bus, and Peter was vaguely looking round for Kadey

Tempelhof Picnic

Memories of a Perfect Day

By

Day Russell

IT was the afternoon of one of those days when the English weather, in a fit of repentance for its sins, produces an unforgettable interlude of loveliness. It was not just a hot afternoon in summer, it had a warm, enveloping beauty, a softness, a laziness that just suited the mood of the boys on the terrace. The boys had been on operations the night before, and most of them had just emerged to sit on the terrace and talk shop over the inevitable English cup of tea.

French windows from the lounge of the mess opened to the terrace, which flanked one of the older country houses and overlooked a great park whose wide vistas of grass were studded with clumps of blue-hazed elms. It all looked utterly serene and peaceful, and gave no sign that it was just a camouflaged bomber station.

An Australian strolled over to where the long-legged figure of Flying Officer Peter Hawkins sprawled lazily in a wicker chair.

"Hullo, Peter! Awake?"

"No, still dreaming."

So he was. The raid last night had been a minor episode of a bigger raid, a quite successful effort to smother the Tempelhof Airport while other things were happening elsewhere. Peter had distinctly seen the dark mass of the Tempelhof forest and the silver arm of the Wannsee in the moonlight, and now, oddly enough, this lazy, hot afternoon had the same indefinable quality as that other afternoon of the theatre picnic.

IT was a characteristic of Herr Keller's Continental Revue that there were always more people in love than out of it, so that when the great buses lined up before the Scala Theatre in Berlin the lovers paired off quite naturally, and regarded the comfortable and not too roomy seats as an invitation to affection. It was all very frank, very Continental and very charming, and everybody took note of who paired with whom, so that they would know what new romances were in the making or what romances were drifting apart. That was good to know, because there was a long drive ahead and gossip would fill the time nicely between the singing, the banter and, of course, the loving.

There were a dozen buses, because besides the 300 members of the Revue, there was the whole theatre staff as well, from the Director to the stage hands.

The picnic was a surprise party planned by Herr Keller; the notice of it had appeared on the theatre call-board only last night.

"To-morrow morning all members of the Continental Revue and all members of the Scala Theatre staff will be at the theatre at 9 a.m. I invite you to be my guests for the day. Since there is no matinée to-morrow, we shall be back for the evening performance."

There, at the entrance of the theatre, dressed in Bavarian costume, was Herr Direktor himself a splendid figure, 6-ft. and as firm as a barrel, in grey chamois shorts, with embroidered leather braces, white shirt, a green-and-red tie slipped through a silver ring, and a short grey jacket with green lapels and green pocket-flaps. Topping it off was a narrow-brimmed Tyrolean hat, with an oversize brush on one side. A Brazilian of half-Scot and half-Bavarian parentage, he was all smiles. This was the kind of thing he loved. He was directing the Irish stage crew as they piled accordions and guitars in the buses.

"Climb in, climb in," he called to the members in all their various languages.

Anna, the dark, vivacious star of the show, in a Tyrolean dirndle dress and a tiny German straw-hat on the back of her head, climbed in with Yogi, the very ancient Indian fakir. That was only to deceive Herr Direktor, because she was going to sit with Carlos, the Argentinian adagio dancer, a magnificent bull of a man with the childish charm of Ferdinand of that breed and a wide grin of white teeth in a sunburnt face. Then there was Mario, the tall, slim Italian aristocrat, a clown with the company, but a *bon viveur* in private, a connoisseur of art, old pictures and young beauty, always happy, always penniless, but always living expensively. He was in love again, but this time with Zenobia, the Turkish snake-charmer. She was very beautiful in an exotic style, new to the company, with an unusual snake dance. Off the stage she was witty and a brilliant conversationist, so she and Mario, for whatever would be the period of their infatuation, were a striking and well-matched couple.

The English chorus girls, fifty of them, laughing, rioting, piled into buses with the Scala stage hands. They moved in a herd and seldom paired off, giving always the impression that the English

fooled with love and never took it seriously. And yet, of course, there was Old Bill, who was infatuated with Maud, the performing mule of his act, and there was Pat, the animal trainer, who caressed his leopards as though they were kittens instead of 600-lb. unpredictable beasts. And then there was Harold of the Nicolls' tumbling troupe, who was infatuated with Zira, the Persian girl. And there was Peter Hawkins, who wore elegant clothes like an English lord, who had an American tap-dancing act on the stage, and who wrote poetry during the day, an odd character, with an indefinable charm and irresistible silky copper hair that waved down over his brow. Peter always fell so deeply in love; but there were always so many "types" to fall in love with. It was Peter who had run away from Art School in London to join the Continental Revue because he had seen Kadey, the ethereal Austrian ballet dancer, standing in a cone of light in a London fog under a gas-lamp outside the stage door of the Alhambra Theatre during rehearsal. Trudi, the Hungarian gypsy dancer, was enticing Peter to sit with her in the bus, and Peter was vaguely looking round for Kadey. But the definite mind won, and he sat with Trudi.

"Places, places!" called Pappy Newman, the stage manager. In his ten-gallon hat he looked like an American rodeo character. "Places, places!"

He lifted little Gretchen and Willie, the midgets, into the bus, handed up Olivia, the Hawaiian singer and dancer, to her husband, Pula. Olivia had two children and her third was due any day now, but she looked no more than sixteen and showed hardly any sign of the child she was carrying.

THE buses began a long drive through the centre of Berlin and through the suburbs towards Tempelhof. The summer of 1938 in Germany was a lovely season, as though nature were at her best, trying to distract men from the evil to which they were turning. About an hour from Berlin the cavalcade of buses ran past hundreds and hundreds of motor-cycle soldiers racing along the side of the road.

The members of the Continental Revue, who dressed up in fancy clothes every night to amuse people, thought that soldiers who dressed up in fancy uniforms all the time were silly. Sekanda, the Javanese dancer, leaned over the side of the bus and began to yell derisively at the troops in Dutch. He raised his arms and with a staccato ha-ha-ha, mowed them down with imaginary machine-gun fire. This was quickly taken up by the Arab acrobatic troupe.

Pappy Newman shouted: "Sit down, you fools, you 'll land in gaol."

Sekanda took no notice. Big Paulus, of the Arabs, rocked with laughter back in his seat to think of men who had to race around in such heat in stuffy uniforms while he rode in a big bus to spend the day at a picnic. Pappy's face grew as red as a beet. He was never known to show sympathy with the Nazis, but, after all, he was a German. It was always the same. He took the blame for the taxes the Government deducted from the salaries, and the members abused him as if he were responsible. The British were the worst, saying what they liked out loud and rousing the others to rebellion; even the German artistes, who had never been known to complain before. Pappy wiped his brow with relief when the soldiers were all past.

The members of the Continental Revue never needed more than one invitation to eat. Food disappeared as soon as it appeared, and the waiters grew hotter and hotter as they ran to and fro filling the ever-waiting steins

Then the buses were passing through Potsdam, and the attention of everyone, like a crowd of children, was distracted by aircraft in the sky over the Tempelhof airport. But soon the buses made a sudden turn into a thick forest, racing over a rough road under a vault-like arch of interlaced branches. The air became cold and dark, like a chilly twilight, and the chatter and laughter died to silence as an eerie sense of lurking life in the shadows pervaded the buses. It was easier in that weird chill to believe the old German fairy-tales of goblins and dwarfs and witches than to laugh at them.

But after ten minutes the buses ran out of the forest and the sun was hot again and green lawns ran down to an arm of the Wannsee. And there was the Forest Haus, a long, rambling, wooden house painted white, and rustic tables built in circular shape around the huge trunks of ancient trees. Tables for 400 people were already set and loaded with food and steins of ice-cold beer, while big, fat German waiters stood by every table ready to wait on the motley members of the Revue.

The artistes and theatre people tumbled out of the buses and Herr Direktor clapped his hands for attention.

"You will eat at once," he called. "After dinner we will spend the afternoon dancing and swimming."

The members of the Continental Revue never needed more than one invitation to eat. Food disappeared as soon as it appeared, and the waiters grew hotter and hotter as they ran to and fro filling the ever-waiting steins. Herr Direktor sat at a long table with the theatre management, and then there were toasts and speeches while the food and drink settled down. Then, as if by some explosive effect, the scene burst into moving colour as the girls by one accord jumped up from the tables and raced to change into swimming-suits.

IT was under a tree by the edge of the forest that Mario found Peter lying down by himself. The scent of pines was in the air and a heat haze hung over the water beyond. There was a drone of beetles in the air and the softer hum of bees, or perhaps it was the muted sound of aircraft over the Tempelhof airport beyond the forest.

Mario flung himself down beside Peter.

"It is strange," he said. He pointed to the water. "There we have two hundred girls, picked because they are the cleverest and most beautiful girls in all Europe. There they are, with lovely bodies, lovely limbs, lovely with youth, and wearing every kind of the most alluring swimming-suits on the Continent. And here we are, you, Peter, I, Mario, and we lie under a tree

Shouts of laughter were coming from the water and the sandy beach was bright with groups of girls stretched out drying under the hot sun and listening to Sekanda playing his guitar

and listen to the murmur of bees. Tell me why? You are a poet, you must know."

"No," said Peter. "The poet knows only that there is beauty everywhere, particularly under a tree on a hot day. You are the philosopher. It is you who should know why we choose one or the other kind of beauty."

"For me," said Mario, "it is because I need to digest my happiness as I need, like a gorged boa-constrictor, to digest my food."

Mario relaxed flat on his back, with his head on his hands. "Love, love, love . . . never will I understand it. I am not young like you, and yet now I fall in love and it is as though I am a small boy. I cannot bear to be out of her sight."

Peter laughed. This was amusing coming as it did from Mario, who was never at a loss in any situation, particularly if it involved women.

"It is very strange," said Mario. "There are two thousand million people in the world, and there is not one whose finger-prints are the same as any other. I do not know how many women there are in the world; I only know that there is some subtle difference from any other which is the secret of each one. Find that, my dear Peter, and you have the Open Sesame to inexhaustible riches of love."

Peter let him talk.

"To love a snake-charmer, my dear Peter, that is a wonderful experience."

"A snake charmed Eve and drove Adam out of the Garden of Eden," said Peter, with a faint smile. "The girls say that in the cold weather Zenobia takes her snakes to bed with her"

A shudder seemed to pass through Mario. "It is summer," he said. "I live only in the present."

"He who kisses the joy as it flies,' quoted Peter, "lives in eternity's sunrise."

Mario raised himself on one elbow and wagged a long, sensitive finger at Peter. "Exactly. Live for to-day and one is happy. Think of to-morrow and one goes mad. Listen to the murmur of the bees. They think only of to-day and they are happy."

"That is not the murmur of bees you are hearing," said Peter. "That is aircraft over Tempelhof. Unfortunately, they are preparing for to-morrow."

"It is better to talk of love," said Mario. Shouts of laughter were coming from the water and the sandy beach was bright with groups of girls stretched out drying under the hot sun and listening to Sekanda playing his guitar.

Herr Direktor sat in the little summer-house overlooking the water with the director of the Scala Theatre. Herr Direktor was happy as he watched his great family enjoying his picnic. All the Englishmen and Irishmen were stretched out under the trees in a semi-drunken sleep. Free beer had done its work and there were no political arguments to disturb the simple gaiety of the scene. He saw the lithe figure of Anna swimming out into the water

(*Continued on page* 52)

Kadey, always obedient to someone very definite, was on her feet. "Go," said Trudi. "And do not be long." She lied, knowing that Kadey would not know how to extricate herself from the company in the summer-house

THE PICTURES

1. *Major the Hon. J. J. Astor, youngest son of Lord and Lady Astor, with his bride, Senorita Ana Inez De Carcano, younger daughter of the Argentine Ambassador.*

2. *Chief Yeoman Richard A. Templeton, of Georgia, U.S., with his bride, Second Officer Joan Mary Ferguson Casement, W.R.N.S.*

3. *Anthony Nelson Keys, second son of the late Nelson Keys, married Joan Marie, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. I. J. De Bloeme, of The Hague. The bride and bridegroom after the ceremony at Little Stanmore Parish Church.*

4. *Captain Andrew Miller Jones with his Swedish bride, Miss Ulla Kullgren, who was one of the leading lady almoners in Sweden.*

5. *Lieutenant R. H. G. Borgerhoff Mulder, Royal Dutch Naval Air Service, and his bride, Miss F. Kessler. The wedding took place at the Dutch Church, Bourdon Street, London.*

Foreign Wives

The Romance of Wartime Weddings

By C. Patrick Thompson

"I SHOULD say that mostly it has been a case of *'Jeg elsker deg'*—*'Ja'*—*'De levet lykkelig sammen i alle ar.'* Like in the fairy stories."

I invited my Norwegian companion to turn his fairy story into basic English.

"Well, our boy meets the English girl, and one day he says: 'I love you.' Then they go to the minister and she responds 'Yes' in our language—we respond 'yes' and not the English 'I do.' And so they live happy ever after."

"Like in the fairy stories?"

"Why not? Our men make very good husbands, and Norway is a fine country to live in."

But I was interested also in Greece and Poland and Czechoslovakia and Holland, and South Africa and Australia and New Zealand, and Canada and the United States, and a few other countries. I was collecting the pieces to make a whole picture, and what I was wondering was whether, when I had the picture, it would affirm or deny the happy ending which my Norwegian gave to the love story of English girl and alien (though Allied) fighting man.

The British Government have been doing some wondering, too. The result is a daring action—daring because the British legal authorities have been pondering the matter for eighty-five years without being able or willing to do anything about it before. They have changed the divorce law, so that when the marriage of a British woman to an overseas man breaks up before the parties return to the husband's country, the British and Scottish courts have jurisdiction to entertain divorce proceedings.

But this change is limited in time and space. It is only for wartime marriages. For it raises the domicile issue, and that is rather like high explosive.

In Europe, including Britain, a wife acquires her husband's nationality on marriage. An English girl marries a Dutch airman. She becomes a Dutch citizen, with Dutch papers, and subject to Dutch law. She divorces her husband in England—but what's her status in Holland? Unless the Dutch Government plays ball with the British Government, she's a married woman in Holland and a divorced woman in Britain.

She could marry again in Britain, but in Holland she would be a bigamist. Alternatively, she could have a legal husband in two countries. In fact, her situation in this disunited world parallels the dilemma of some people in the United States. Each of the forty-eight sovereign States constituting that Republic jealously retains the right to make its own divorce and marriage laws. There are easy, hard and no-divorce States. It is possible, depending on which State you married in, which divorced in, and which State frontiers you subsequently cross, to find yourself a bachelor, a married man, a divorced man, or a bigamist liable to be hailed before the courts and jailed for that crime.

A pretty kettle of octopuses. You can guess that the British politicos must have been disturbed before they ventured to put a foot into it.

However, it's a unique situation. War is a great mixer of races, and from the time of the Roman, Danish and Norman invasions, down to Armageddon Number One, the girls who call this little North Atlantic island "home" have been marrying what British legalists call, for short, "overseas men" (Field Marshal Montgomery is legally one of those, being a citizen, by a narrow margin, of the Twenty-six, and not of the Six, Counties of Ireland).

But never before have overseas men landed and sojourned in the British island in such numbers and diversity. During these war years Britain, the main Allied battle base, has been a microcosm of the planet. A dozen European nations have had their émigré governments in London, and their armies, navies and air forces and mercantile marines based here. Up to the autumn of 1944, twenty thousand Dominions men had married British girls. Add Americans, Poles, Norwegians, French, Dutch, Belgians, (*Continued on page* 61)

Let Us Talk of The English

WHY don't the English counties begin to put themselves back on the map? For over a hundred years now they have been becoming progressively more and more departments of the Whitehall machine, and less and less separate entities—with their own boundaries, their own rulers in the Lord-Lieutenant, their own customs, characteristics, traditions and foods.

The climax (at least, one hopes it will prove the climax) has come in this war, when county identity has become so submerged in bureaucracy that a county has become just a unit in groups of numbered regions. So if this sort of thing went on you and I might live to hear a west country baritone singing the praises of "Number Seven! Number Seven! . . . Glorious, Glorious Number Seven!"

Why is it so important that the English counties should start to reassert themselves, to redevelop local patriotism?

For many reasons; here are two of them. The English counties, acting independently, are the natural leaders in the post-war revolt against the sameness of things, against centralization and standardization which will—if allowed much more licence—rob us of the savour of life.

And secondly, because after the war (whether we like it or not) millions of visitors are going to spend millions of pounds here; while millions of our own people in these islands are going to be released from their wartime bondage, free to travel and find what sort of an England has been left.

I use the word "England" without apology to Scotland and Wales, which are really little more than large counties, and have hall-marked their kilts, bagpipes, harps and legends quite enough as it is. I speak on behalf of England, victim of the industrial age which has kept Scotland and Wales alive. However . . .

The other day, in London, I was talking to one of our potential post-war visitors. He wore the uniform of a U.S. captain. He had driven up from Plymouth, and was kind enough to say that he found the journey "very picturesque." I asked him which way he came, by Dorset or through Wiltshire. No, he said, he didn't know; he didn't know the names of all the towns. I said that I was talking about counties. There was a map of England within a few yards of where we were talking, and he turned towards it. So did I; but, believe it or not, that map dated 1939 did not have a single county marked!

He was interested, and I tried to trace roughly the counties through which he must have passed: Devonshire, Wiltshire, Hampshire and Surrey. I said that these were really little kingdoms of their own, with boundaries that went back a thousand years to the Domesday Book. They had their own police forces until quite recently, when Mr. Morrison with his passion for making England a bloated edition of the L.C.C. threatened to make it one police force. Not, I said, that I was interested in police forces.

Take Devonshire, one of the luckiest of counties in preserving its identity; lucky because it has had the preservation done for it by the sea and the soil. Birthplace of Raleigh, Drake, Hawkins, and Marlborough, you can always tell when you are in Devonshire by the red soil, and when that gives way to stone, by the rolling line of purple Dartmoor. Before the war, I told this U.S. captain, you could also be sure you had arrived there by being able to get Devonshire cream and strawberry jam, and cider at the inns. What was Devonshire cream like? I tried to describe it to him, from memory, and he said it sounded swell.

But Devonshire is an exception: why don't all the counties hall-mark themselves, as Bond Street and Regent Street did some years ago?

Why do they lie down, for instance, under the standardized yellow sign of the Automobile Association? Each county should insist, right now, that when these signs come for replacement they should have distinctive colours. There should be no joke in the schoolboy's remark that the county he was talking about was the purple one between Dorset and Sussex.

I told my U.S. captain that there was not a county in England that did not have its own manner of speech, that an expert could detect; and that I, no expert, could detect a dozen or more immediately. He was posted near Oxford, and I said that the Oxfordshire man pronounced "yes" as

Stratford-on-Avon Mop Fair

Decoration by J. Nicolson

Counties

Their Own Customs, Characteristics, Traditions and Food

By Gordon Beckles

Trial for the Dunmow Flitch

"yass," in a broad Yankee manner. At all I told him, he was interested; and I think there are many like him who will like to see an England not all of a much-of-a-muchness, if we draw their attention to it.

People who have prated of the picturesque habits and customs of life abroad often forget the extremely interesting customs that survive here; but just survive. Every Lord-Lieutenant of a county ought, instead of being allowed to become a forgotten nonentity, to be made to attend in full dress the various historic ceremonies which humble county folk keep alive through the calendar. Much more picturesque in their way than many of the hardy annuals preserved in London. For example, the Catching of the Hare on Easter Monday, at Coleshill in Warwick, when the catcher of the first hare before 10 a.m. gets 100 eggs and a groat (about fourpence). Or the Wassailing of the Apple Trees in Somerset. Or the Rocking of the Infant, after Candlemas, in Nottinghamshire. There are scores of them, still surviving.

A few occasionally come into the limelight, usually because they are in convenient range of London reporters and photographers. There is the Dunmow Flitch, which might be made more interesting than it is, incidentally; and most people know of the Goose Fair in Nottingham, the Ram Roasting at Kingsteignton in Devon. The Furry Dance at Helston, Cornwall. The Mop Fair at Stratford-on-Avon. The Opening of the Oyster Season at Colchester. What of the Sheriff's Ride at Lichfield? Or the Love Feast of Cakes and Ale at Bletchley in Bucks?

Now it may be said that these things are a personal affair for ourselves, and that they should not be vulgarized into a spectacle for the world to intrude upon. What other way may the counties of England assert their individualities?

What about English food?

The strange thing about English food and cooking is that it has presented to the world at large (not just the English-speaking world) more names of dishes than I warrant has any other nation. It has presented, as I say, and then thrown them away as far as benefit to itself is concerned. So that if you want to get a Dover sole, you might as well go to anywhere else in England to get it—except Dover. I might say that I have been to Whitstable, been shown over the oyster beds and sheds, and then at lunch been unable to obtain a single oyster.

JUST pick out haphazard some of the English regional dishes and sauces and confections. We might start with Aylesbury ducklings, and then pass by way of Morecambe shrimps, Cornish pasties, Worcester sauce, Banbury cakes to Southdown lamb, Bath buns, Wiltshire bacon, Cheddar cheese, Oxford marmalade, Yorkshire relish, Cambridge sausages to Yorkshire pudding. Which would lead us to a dish which once symbolized Great Britain and has become part of nearly every civilized language: roast beef, which is also *rosbif*, *rhospiff* and something rather odd in Russia, where I once had my attention drawn to it on a menu.

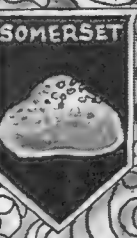
It is these other dishes that we might well draw attention to in giving English food a new deal, which it richly deserves. Take the case of bacon and eggs. In our happiness before the war, it was not generally known that bacon and eggs—in the way we served them—was a most distinctively English dish. I believe Sussex claims it as its regional dish, with the Pullmans of the *Brighton Belle* as a close rival. No, we served eggs and *bacon*; not eggs and *ham*, or eggs fried in the lard of a hunk of pork and served with same.

So it is with that other great English dish, fish and chips; and tripe and onions; and Lancashire hot-pot. Fish and chips—although not exclusively English — has become so essentially English that in 1940 the Government, pondering in Whitehall and Colwyn Bay, actually subsidized its production.

Where we have lamentably failed, and where half the counties of England could help (to their own benefit and that of visitors and admirers) is in the matter concerning fish. It is an old and complicated

(*Continued on p.* 66)

The Cornish Furry Dance at Helston



Repatriated prisoners of war on board the Swedish ship "Gripsholm" arriving at a British port

(Right) Home again. A repatriated prisoner of war greeted by his wife on his arrival at Waterloo Station

YEAR OF RETURN

On its Threshold, how many Millions of Families Are Thinking, "We'll See Him Again This Year"

By Ferdinand Tuohy

TO peer ahead into 1945 is to sense the imminence of mammoth happenings. One does not need to be clairvoyant to discern the outline of great battles and upheavals, of epic personal dramas and historic moves. A year to remember, the new '45, one in which "sensation" will follow on "sensation."

But for countless Europeans 1945 will be something much less thundering. Resound what may, it will be primarily a year of return and reunion. Unless all the reckoning be wrong, Germany is to go down in staggering defeat, the main surface effect of which will be that forced migrants, slaves and prisoners will try to regain their homes and families from all quarters of the compass. Excluding Russia, 25,000,000 people are believed to await repatriation, a word which takes no account of the vast numbers who, in a country like Britain, have been directed away from home and will want to get back to it.

Year of Return. On its threshold, how many millions of families are thinking, "We'll see him again this year!" or "She'll be back with us before the year's out!"

That transcends anything else the war can bring. To look again into the loved one's eyes, although to do so will in all too many cases reveal the breach that the years of separation have made. After living communally and brutishly for years, feeling constantly tracked or under observation, how can one expect absent ones not to have changed?

The reknitting of family ties will be no light affair. We have ourselves seen, among the few cases come back to us, how a process of rehabilitation is necessary in order to rub away furtive habits and fancies, the result of looking out over barbed wire. Yet the British camps are notoriously the best disciplined and therefore in the best mental shape.

The reunion of sensitive natures will, of course, be the most difficult and lucky will be they who can say, "Let's pass a sponge over the years of separation," and mean it. The fresh start without lingering suspicion and doubting—that is assuredly the prize goal.

The yearning in numberless homes this January, in country after country, is unfortunately shot with a deep anxiety unknown heretofore.

Days before the 1918 armistice, the Germans began opening the prisoners' camps and cages and simply turning the inmates loose. "Go on! Clear off! We don't want to catch sight of you again!" Already far reduced in strength, the suddenly liberated multitudes swarmed westward for the most part. They had to beg their way and after a week or ten days their boots had gone, their prison uniforms hung sack-like over shrunken bodies, they were filthy and hairy and their dragging steps suggested younger Calibans. But at least none had raised a hand against them while they gained friendly frontiers.

Smiling faces. A crowd of able-bodied prisoners of war, mostly personnel of the Merchant Navy, who were exchanged for a similar number of Axis prisoners. A picture taken as their ship entered a Middle East port

Sir F. Leith Ross, who is head of a committee of UNRRA which has charge of general repatriation

No such safe passage can be counted on this time. The Nazis in their death struggles are capable of anything, and Mr. Churchill threw a pregnant light on the fact during his Paris visit. He was referring to the 3,000,000 French prisoners and deportees in Germany, and added: "We have done our best to obtain guarantees for them. If Germany plays fair, French families have nothing to fear." That is worth pondering here as well, in respect of periodical demands one hears, that German prisoners be sorted and taught or otherwise taken in hand. Feed 'em and leave 'em alone is the best policy.

But, apart from anything the Nazis (*Continued on page* 54)

The Lady Was Scared

But Her Fear Put Courage Into A Man

By B. L. Jacot

BEYOND the shrubbery that edged the lawns, Eddie Padge could see them knocking up the framework of a roundabout on the common. Marquees were appearing like magic sails in a sea of confused noise and a pervading odour drifted over the countryside originating probably in the cages now being unhitched from a panting traction engine. The boys of the village and dogs from half the county were horsing round, anxious to miss nothing.

But Eddie was not interested. He had just seen Erika Rayne, a sun hat hanging at the end of long ribbons from her hand, stroll across the lawns, headed for the sunk gardens, and the acknowledgment she had given to his smile was not encouraging. And worse. Erika was with this man, Winslow Moult. "I'm very fond of Winslow," she had told him, only the night before. "He's so amusing. He makes me laugh."

The pair had disappeared into the sunk gardens now, and Eddie settled back to his book in the arbour. Two days ago he had arrived at this country house for a long week-end. He had often stayed before, for his hostess was his aunt, Lady Macready, wife of the old general. But this week-end was different. He had met Erika, and from the moment when he first saw her he knew something had happened to him that had never happened before.

EDDIE had just seen Erika Rayne, a sun hat hanging at the end of long ribbons from her hand, stroll across the lawns with Winslow Moult

For twenty-five years Eddie Padge had had little to do with girls. They made him shy. They left him with a feeling that he was inadequate. Eddie knew that he was scarcely what one might call handsome. He wore glasses and his hair would never stick down—like Winslow Moult's. He knew none of the things to say to interest a girl—especially a girl sophisticated and groomed, like Erika Rayne. Yet—at first—she had seemed interested in him.

"Probably," he told himself, "because she had never met anything like me before." But, at any rate, she had spent some time talking to him, asking him about his work in Whitehall, encouraging him to talk about his people.

As he was sitting in this patent summer arbour which was the pride of the general, Eddie Padge was wishing, as he had never wished before, that he had devoted less time to getting a first at Oxford and more to getting used to girls. He wished, in fact, that he had one of those hair-line moustaches, and could strike a match on his thumb nail, or play the piano, or something. Winslow Moult could do all of these things, and his self-confidence was superb.

Suddenly, the arbour began to revolve. The village fair on the common passed out of view and the old house swung round to replace it. The shrubbery, as the pace quickened, spun into a blur. Eddie leapt "Moult!" he said stiffly, "I wish you wouldn't play the fool! Every time I sit down in this place you creep up and spin it round."

"What you want, Padge, old boy, is waking up. I hate to see a feller mope."

"I was not moping," Eddie said, then he noticed, as he adjusted his glasses, that Erika was watching him. Quietly and critically, it seemed to Eddie.

"Winslow's always playing the fool," she said at length. "It's a shame to tease you."

He tried to think of something to say, but could only stare.

"What Eddie wants," Winslow Moult stated, "is someone to look after him. A brother. Someone to wake the old boy up. I try to do what I can."

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.

EDDIE turned his head. Winslow was down there, standing impatiently with the lamp glass in his hand

EDDIE had been at school with the Hon. Winslow Moult, and even in the fourth form this man was always poking his nose into things. With his polished and elegant manner, Winslow never took anything seriously. He had pots of money and nothing to do except gad around and interfere, particularly in affairs of the heart, among his friends.

"I don't want anybody to wake me up, Winslow," Eddie said stiffly. "I have pointed it out before."

Winslow shook his head. "Eddie! How wrong you are! Erika here will tell you that if all a feller can do is mope around and sit in summer arbours instead of getting a little action into his stuff——"

"Winslow," the girl said, "run along. I want to talk to Eddie."

When he had gone, she turned to Eddie, who was still blushing. "Take no notice of Winslow, Eddie," she advised. "He's never happy unless he's pushing his oar in somewhere. If it wasn't you it would be someone else." She looked him over with a motherly eye. "I've never met any one quite like you before."

He held her eye dumbly. To Eddie Padge this girl looked so beautiful it raised him out of himself into a new world in the clouds, where skies were a heavenly blue, and harps played. "I'm not always such a fool as this, Erika. Only with you. Because—well, because of you."

"Tell me, Eddie. Do you really enjoy pottering around helping the old general when he sets out doing all sorts of jobs?"

"Well—he likes having me around. He's my uncle."

"I know. But—still. What about going down into the village on the cook's bicycle to get sporting papers for Winslow Moult? Couldn't he have got his own papers?"

Eddie considered it. "He said he didn't want to go himself because it was raining."

"I see. You're very fond of your aunt, aren't you?"

"She used to send me parcels at school—and all that sort of thing. We've always been attached to each other."

She reached to pull his tie straight. "Eddie! I'm going to tell you something. One of these days you'll make a shining knight for some girl. Only she'll be difficult to find. She won't have to mind."

"Mind what?"

Erika shook her head impatiently. "Oh, you being such a fathead. You're so modest and—unenterprising. No girl likes to be put on a pedestal. I expect you were in the Boy Scouts. I expect you're a scoutmaster at this very minute."

"I am not."

"Well, you're not the sort of man a girl would ever fall in love with. Shall I tell you the sort of man I could fall in love with?"

"You mean—Winslow Moult?"

She smiled. "I might. But only for a while, I think. Unless, of course, he could go on being amusing for ever. No. I'm not so sure my type wouldn't be a man who refuses to shave. A guy who sometimes spits about the house and, perhaps, picks his teeth on occasions with his penknife. A man who can shout out orders and see them obeyed. When a girl falls in love the whole principle of the thing is that it's got to be something different. If it's the sort of thing a girl's used to, where's the romance?"

"I see," said Eddie Padge.

Of all the party standing before the bars of that cage, the bears had

For a while he wandered over the common watching the menagerie being knocked up. On Tuesday he would be gone, and that would be the end. He was not likely ever to see this girl again and in a couple of weeks she would have forgotten such a man as Eddie Padge existed. If this was life, he thought, life was tough.

But Eddie had not heard the last of it. That evening Winslow Moult accosted him in the billiards room. "Old lad," he said, "how did it all come out with Erika? You can be frank. I only want to help. The girl means nothing to me."

Eddie looked at him with loathing. "Look here, Moult! I don't wish to discuss my affairs with you. Or anybody else."

"You're not at the Foreign Office now, old boy.", Winslow paused reflectively. "You don't have to tell me! You muffed it. I take all this trouble to work up a favourable situation for you and you muff it!"

"What d'you mean—work up a situation?"

Winslow drew him aside. "I've been worrying a lot about you, old boy. I saw how it was at once. Don't blame you. She's a wonderful girl—for those that like the red-headed type."

"Moult, I——"

"Forget it! No gratitude! I don't look for it. Take it that I don't like to see a fellow put down."

"Moult—you're just the same as you always were. Always shoving your nose in and loving it. I'm asking you to leave me alone."

Winslow stood back to click his teeth incredulously. "Well, I like that, old boy! After all I've done for you with that girl. 'Winslow,' she said to me, 'I can't help liking him. Silly, but there's something about him.' That's what she said to me, old boy."

Eddie stared. "Erika said that?"

"I'm in her confidence. We're like that!" Winslow crossed his fingers. "What you want is jerking out of yourself. Action. Life in the raw. I had an idea this afternoon."

"I don't want to hear it."

"That menagerie across the road gave me the idea. Just what's wanted. Both you and the girl will be taken out of yourselves. Old boy, it's easy to arrange. You and the girl are strolling in the moonlight in the garden. Romantic background. Suddenly two huge bears burst out of the shrubberies and——"

"I think you're out of your mind."

"She clings to you. Elemental. You show yourself a man. Chase the wild beasts off. After that she's yours."

"If you wouldn't mind taking your hand off my arm?" Eddie moved away.

"Listen, old boy. She only has to *think* these bears are loose. I shall be in the bushes barging round and it'll scare the life out of her. Look!"

From under his tails Winslow whipped out a lamp glass. He screwed his mouth into one end and gave forth a blood-curdling roar, then equally swiftly he whipped it back out of sight again.

"Good, isn't it? It was blowing down this thing in my bedroom that gave me the idea. I barge round in the bushes roaring on this lamp glass and you rush out and chase me off. Well?"

"Moult!" Eddie said fairly, "I think you've been drinking. You'd better go to bed."

He spent a miserable night wandering round the house, wishing it were Tuesday and that he could go. It did not help for him to realize that Winslow and Erika and several of the brighter sparks were fooling around to dance music in the library. In addition to animal imitations on the lamp glass it seemed this fellow Moult could play the saxophone and this he was doing with great success when Eddie looked in.

It was the following afternoon that Eddie found himself one of a party paying a visit to the menagerie. If he thought about it at all, Eddie imagined Winslow had forgotten all about the scheme he had planned. He was to be put right on that, for he did not know Winslow. The status of the Hon. Winslow Moult was practically professional as far as love affairs went, and if any of his friends wondered why he never thought of getting married himself the true explanation probably was that Winslow was always too busy butting in on other people.

A huge Russian *dompteur* accompanied the party from the Hall. The bears were his favourite animals. Freda and Fred. They stood over eight feet in height and to Eddie it seemed their limbs were the size of tree trunks. The smell, too, was not pleasant. As they stood before the cage that was the home of Freda and Fred, Eddie heard Winslow talking in a confidential voice to the animal trainer.

"My friend here," said Winslow, "is a great man with wild animals. Especially bears. They're his speciality. He's hunted them in the Rockies, and all that. Likes messing about with them."

"Who likes messing with what?" Erika inquired.

"Eddie likes messing about with bears. Started at school. Desk full of newts and things, and it got worse as he got older."

"Zose bar are gut bar," said the trainer. He addressed himself, with respect, to Eddie.

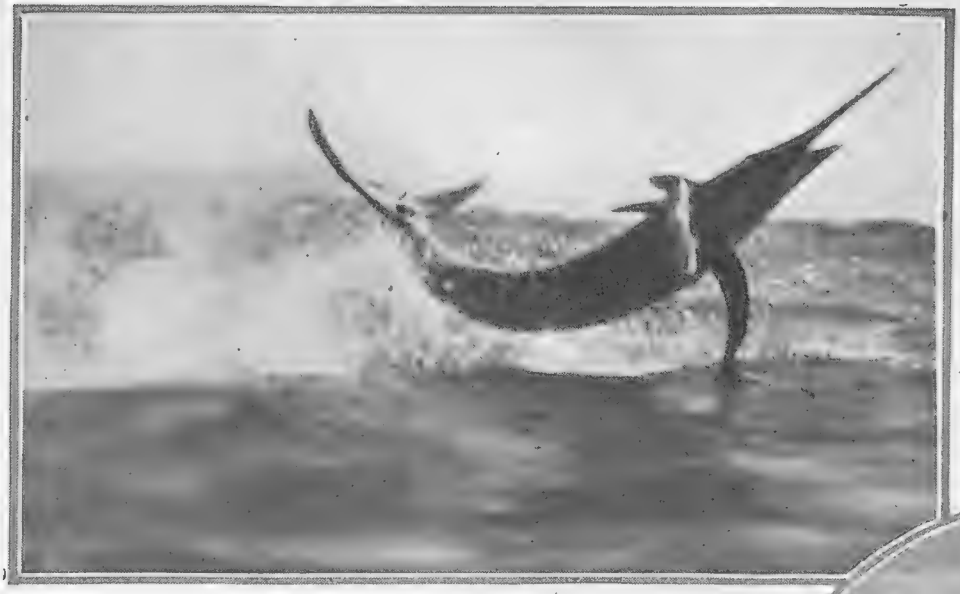
Eddie had not grasped it at first. Now he had coloured to the roots of his hair. "I don't——"

"He doesn't think much of them," Winslow said. "At Oxford, they asked if any one would enter the lion's cage and Eddie walked in. Cool as a cucumber. I suppose you're just born without any fear for animals."

Erika was looking at him, puzzled. "Eddie! You're full of surprises. I would never have imagined you, of all people."

Eddie swallowed. (*Continued on page* 56)

selected one person to watch with their beady little eyes, Eddie Padge



With its back curved in an arch of deadly striking power, this 250-pound Striped Marlin or swordfish leaps right out of the water. A picture taken off the famous Sydney Heads, Australia

Nature's Submarines

Under-Water Travel is the only Sphere in which Nature Holds the Speed Record

By Frank W. Lane

IF the Nazis could have made a submarine which would travel under water as successfully as a fish they might well have won the Battle of the Atlantic. The best a submarine can do when travelling beneath the surface is around twenty knots. There are some fish which can travel at about three times that speed!

I think it is significant that fish swim in a manner which is fundamentally different from the way a submarine or a ship travels through the water. The popular notion that a fish uses its tail as a "screw," after the manner of a ship, is only partially true. A scientist once watched in an aquarium two fish swimming. One had no tail and the other was normal. He said they both swam at about the same speed, the only noticeable difference being that the tailless fish waggled its posterior a bit faster than the fish which still had its tail. So tails cannot be so important to fish locomotion as we might think.

Most fish swim by undulations of the body which, by "rippling" against the water, propel the fish forward. This explains why a fish can easily pass a ship going at full speed and watchers from the deck are unable to detect any signs of exertion on the part of the fish. In addition, fish make use of jets of water, which they exhale from their gills, to help them force their bodies through the water. In fact it might be claimed that jet-propulsion began with the fish!

Fish are beautifully shaped for progression in water. I doubt if there is a more perfectly streamlined body in nature than that of some of the fastest swimming fish. And the importance of streamlining to any body which is designed to progress in water may be imagined when it is remembered that resistance in water is 700 times greater than that experienced in the air.

When a submarine had to be built the shape decided on was the same as the body of a swift-travelling fish. These fish have the thickest part in front of the middle, and the width diminishes gradually to the tail. You can get a fair idea of whether a fish can swim fast or not by noting its shape.

Strange as it may sound, in addition to jet-propulsion, fish also have a species of radiolocation. Embedded along each side of a fish are a row of sensitive pits. These receive low-frequency vibrations and thus enable the fish to navigate skilfully. By responding to pressure these sensitive cells make the fish aware of currents, vibrations and obstacles in the surrounding water.

With such adjuncts to under-water travel it is not surprising that fish are the ideal instruments for cleaving the water. And it is worthy of note that under-water travel is the only (*Continued on page 62*)

A leaping Striped Marlin. One of the greatest game-fish in the world. The largest species of swordfish may weigh more than 1,000 pounds and be fifteen feet long from the tip of the yard-long sword to the end of the great crescent-shaped tail

(Left) Hauling aboard a 250-pound Sailfish off Montague Island, New South Wales

(Below) A pair of Dolphins. A member of a group of the smaller cetaceans; therefore it is not a fish but a mammal. In length the Dolphin varies from about seven to ten feet

Old Tales Re-told

The Price of Glory

Incidents from the Life of Giuseppe Garibaldi

Written and Illustrated By F. Matania, R.I.

Garibaldi's escapade to sail to Genoa in a stolen boat was short-lived. His father sent a vessel to bring him back. An Abbé had revealed his flight

There is too much to relate in the life of this giant of guerilla warfare for one short article; not even the most abridged biography could be squeezed into so short a space, so we shall confine ourselves to the period of his history when his beloved wife Anita shared with him peril, discomfort and glory. She was the Amazon of the heroic legion of which few survived the great adventure of the Italian Risorgimento. The rest are for the most part immortalised, like their leader, in bronze or marble, an example to posterity for all time.

THERE have been few great leaders and conquerors who, despite their high ideals, have not been inspired to a certain extent by personal ambition. An endless procession of heroes leaps to mind—Egyptians, Persians, Greeks, and Macedonians, Romans of all epochs, glorious names recalling glorious feats of arms right up to the time of Napoleon and after. But however bright their glory, how many of these men who conquered kingdoms were ready to give them up without compensation?

One name immediately stands out in answer to this question, that of the most conspicuously unselfish warrior of recent times — Giuseppe Garibaldi, the true knight who took up the cause of the oppressed, whatever their nationality. The sole reward he asked was the satisfaction of fighting in a just cause. Even when he achieved the gigantic task of rebuilding a nation that since the fall of the Roman Empire had been continuously disrupted, he did not seek personal power, but served the State he had created without asking or accepting any material reward.

His life was a romantic struggle which has fascinated the world for three-quarters of a century.

From an early age he pursued an unswerving path towards his ideals.

GARIBALDI was born at Nice in July 1807, of pure Italian parents from Chiavari, near Genoa. His father, Domenico, was a modest merchant captain, whose sole capital was the little vessel he used for his business. Eager to give his small son Giuseppe the benefits of a literary education, he made untold sacrifices to pay the fees of learned tutors. But at the age of fifteen the boy, whose daring and adventurous nature could not endure either strict discipline or a sedentary life, broke the chains of scholarship.

Let us read what Garibaldi himself wrote in his memoirs about his first escapade. "Tired of school and unable to endure a sedentary life, I proposed one day to some companions of my own age to run away to Genoa, without any definite plan, but meaning in effect to seek our fortune. No sooner said than done. We seized a boat, embarked some provisions and fishing tackle, and sailed eastward. We were already off Monaco when a vessel sent by my good father overhauled us and brought us back, deeply humiliated. An Abbé had revealed our flight. What a coincidence! An Abbé, a priest, had perhaps saved me —and I am so ungrateful as to persecute these poor priests!"

Domenico Garibaldi realised that it was useless to insist on school, and before the boy could plot some other adventure he permitted him to follow in his father's footsteps and go to sea, to learn the art of navigation.

Garibaldi's voyages across the Mediterranean and the Black Sea stayed in his mind as the most picturesque and romantic of all his life. He always remembered, too, the broad-decked "Costanza," with her huge figurehead of a woman lifting her bosom to the wind

FOR ten years the boy devoted all his energies to the study of mathematics, geography and astronomy, combining theory with practical training, and he speedily rose from the position of cabin boy to that of full seaman.

His first voyages across the Mediterranean and the Black Sea stayed in his mind as the most picturesque and romantic of all his life. Though in actual fact the circumstances were less so; for he sailed in antiquated vessels manned by rough crews, half-buccaneers, whose only merit was their ability to sing melodious chanties which brought tears to the eye. He always remembered, too, the broad-decked *Costanza*, with her huge figurehead of a woman lifting her bosom to the wind.

During those ten years he was thrice captured by pirates and robbed of his scanty possessions. Experiences like these hardened and fitted him for the strenuous life that lay before him.

He had also formed a clear estimate of the hopeless state of affairs in Italy. More than a third of the nation, the southern part, was under the domination of the Bourbons, another third was under pontifical sway backed by the Austrians, half the remaining third, Piedmont, was ruled by the House of Savoy, and the rest of the country, Lombardy and the Venetian State, was held by Austria. A state of semi-rebellion existed everywhere and patriots were slaughtered by the Austrians on the slightest pretext, wherever they were found.

The great Mazzini, who had preached Independence, Unity and Liberty, had escaped to Switzerland, whence he guided the various patriotic movements towards republicanism. A constitutional monarchy was something quite unknown in 1832.

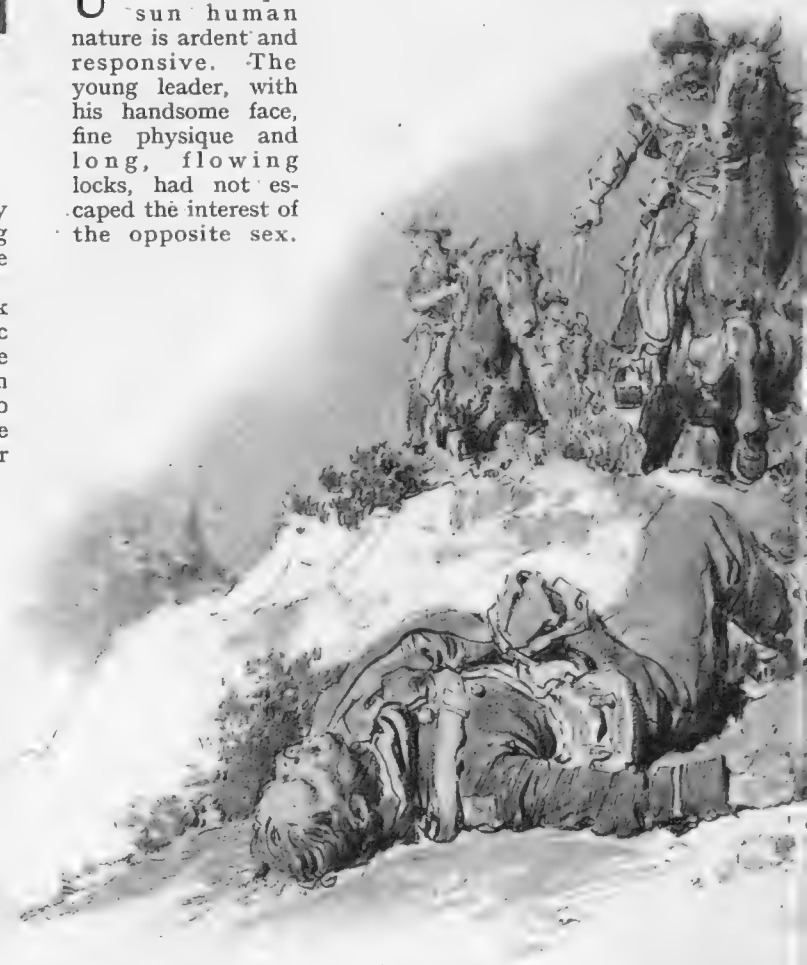
Garibaldi, inspired by these ideals, joined the Piedmontese navy at Genoa, with the aim of spreading his ideas and provoking a mutiny; but he only succeeded in endangering his neck. Dressed as a peasant, he fled across the mountains to Nice, and thence into France. It was there that he saw his name in a newspaper for the first time. But it did not make pleasant reading. He had been condemned to death by the Piedmontese Government. Fate plays strange tricks. Charles Albert of Savoy, King of Piedmont, had for reasons of treachery decreed the death of the man who was destined to give the crown of united Italy to his son, Victor Emmanuel I.

IT was clear that Italy was not yet ripe for a successful rebellion, despite the constant massacres by firing squads and the Austrian gallows. Garibaldi decided to try his fortune elsewhere for the time being. He crossed the Atlantic and landed, in 1836, in South America. There he found the Republic of Rio Grande struggling for its existence against the oppression of the Brazilian Empire. The Republicans had no navy; so Garibaldi, with a dozen Italian exiles who had found refuge in the New World, took a fishing smack, named it *Mazzini* for good luck, armed his men with a few ancient rifles, and waged war against the gigantic empire of Brazil. No one would have dreamed that this tiny band of dare-devils could have any chance of success; but in a short time the band increased, and attacks were made by land and sea. Garibaldi had become a fine horseman, and he exercised his talent for guerilla tactics, appearing where the enemy least expected him and vanishing again, horse and all, like magic when they almost had their hands on him.

G. M. Trevelyan, in his authoritative book, sums up the character of Garibaldi admirably when he says: "Without on the one hand the childlike simplicity that often degenerated into folly, and, on the other hand, the full store of common human passions that made him one with the multitude, he could never have been so ignorant of despair and doubt, so potent to overawe his enemies, to spread his own infectious daring among his followers, and to carry men blindfold into enterprises which would have been madness under any other chief."

The struggle continued for twelve years, during which time many of Garibaldi's friends fell before his eyes, mown down by rifle-fire or swallowed by the waves. But this sacrifice of life and effort, in which the Italians played such a large part, was not in vain.

UNDER the tropic sun human nature is ardent and responsive. The young leader, with his handsome face, fine physique and long, flowing locks, had not escaped the interest of the opposite sex.



But he never stayed for long in the arms of any senorita, however attractive. He appeared to be one of those men who take a long time to make their choice. Experience proved him to be the reverse.

Sometimes the loss of his friends plunged him into deep melancholy and a realisation of his loneliness. On one such

occasion, alone on board his vessel, he was scanning the surrounding landscape through his telescope. At one point was a hill called La Bana, with a few picturesque little houses scattered about on it. In front of one of these he saw a girl. For some reason his gaze remained riveted on her. Suddenly, on impulse, he put down the telescope and went ashore in the boat. After climbing the hill he looked everywhere, but could not find the girl nor identify the house. He was about to retrace his steps, when he met one of the inhabitants of the village, a man whom he knew, and who invited him into his house for a cup of coffee. Garibaldi accepted. As he crossed the threshold he found himself face to face with the object of his search.

It seems a pity not to quote the actual words in which Garibaldi himself described his meeting with the woman who was to share his glory:

"We both remained enraptured and silent, gazing on one another like two people who meet not for the first time, and seek in each other's faces something which makes it easier to recall the forgotten past. At last I greeted her by saying: '*Tu devi esser mia*' (Thou oughtest to be mine). I could speak but little Portuguese and uttered the bold words in Italian. Yet my boldness fascinated her. I had formed a tie, pronounced a decree, which death alone could annul."

Anita Riberas was her name. She knew that she owed to this long-maned Italian the liberation of her native town from the yoke of Brazil; but she was in a quandary. Her father had already promised her hand to a wealthy and respected gentleman of the neighbourhood. She did not care for him, but the power of the land-owners was very great. Garibaldi could not be said to be a worthy rival, for his only possession was his word.

Garibaldi solved the problem in characteristic manner. With the same simplicity with which he had said, "You must be mine," he now said, "Come with me." He took her on board his vessel, loaded the guns, put his men at their posts, and unfurled the sails. His wealthy rival might own the land, but he ruled the sea.

If ever a human inspiration proved happy, it was the one that made Garibaldi choose Anita Riberas for his companion. Though he could offer her nothing but perils, privation and fatigue, this was in fact just what her virile nature throve upon. To share his life and ideals, be his partner in tenderness as in valour, to handle weapons, master horses, to be the inspiration and the comrade of those heroes who followed her beloved Giuseppe—this was the life for which she was born, and she thanked providence for having led her into the right path. She took an active part in many fights. Even when about

Garibaldi chose Anita Riberas for his companion. She took an active part in many fights and endured all the hardships of a veteran soldier

The Austrians were approaching and Garibaldi had to be dragged away by his two friends, Colonel Bonnet and Major Leggero, from the one-room cottage near Ravenna in which his gallant wife Anita had just died

to become a mother she endured all the hardships of a veteran soldier. Once she was captured by the enemy. Garibaldi was thought to be dead, but when she examined the bodies of the fallen and found he was not among them, she escaped by seizing and mounting a savage horse.

After a wild ride over mountains and plains she eventually caught up with the survivors of her band and joined her distracted lover. After two years of roving and skirmishing they left the wilderness for Montevideo, and were legally married at the Church of St. Francis of Assisi. They named their little boy Menotti, after an Italian patriot hanged by the Austrians.

For the child's sake they made an attempt to live a peaceful life on a ranch, but it proved a failure. Having tasted excitement, they could not be satisfied with any other sort of life while they were still young and strong. Besides this, affairs in Italy had now undergone a change.

Hatred against the Austrians had grown to fever pitch. Both Savoy and Tuscany wished for a constitution, and the new Pope, Pius IX, would have welcomed any assistance in getting rid of the Austrians. Garibaldi's exploits in South America had spread his fame everywhere.

IN the spring of 1848, Anita and her children sailed for Genoa, while Garibaldi, with about 100 Italian patriots, set sail in another ship for a shore which offered a better chance of eluding their enemies. They disembarked at Nice. Garibaldi, now pardoned by Charles Albert, offered him his services, but the offer was refused. He therefore set off on his own account to harass the Austrians, who were already at grips with the Piedmontese army.

Garibaldi's force was beaten and himself driven over the Swiss frontier. Surmounting enormous difficulties, he at last reached Rome, whence he found the Pope had fled. The epic struggle for the defence of the city resounded over the civilised world.

Meanwhile, Anita's patience was at an end. She left her children in Nice with Garibaldi's mother, and despite her advanced pregnancy, she undertook her lone and dangerous journey to reach her husband.

Garibaldi could hardly believe his eyes when he saw her appear in the doorway of the Villa Spada during the thick of the battle for Rome.

The French army which had come to protect the city now gained the upper hand, and Garibaldi was soon engaged in trying to save his followers from the French, Spaniards and Neapolitans. He exhausted every argument trying to persuade Anita to remain in a safe place; but she was adamant in her refusal to leave his side.

Thus began once again their old life of warfare and peril. Once again they bivouacked with soldiers, heard the vicious whine of bullets, rode the mountain trails, escaped from ambush and tended the wounded, always with the enemy at their heels. It was a repetition of the South American adventures, but on a larger scale and against a more ruthless foe.

The column made its way towards the Adriatic, Garibaldi and Anita riding side by side at its head. Several times they were trapped, but always Garibaldi extricated them. At Vado, however, the rearguard was captured by Hungarian hussars and executed to the last man.

The murder of prisoners, *if Garibaldians*, was the rule approved by headquarters of the "Tedeschi." Relentlessly pursued, he entered the Republic of San Marino and there disbanded his column, as this seemed the only way to save the lives of his men.

The same night, while sitting outside a café, he suddenly seized the bridle of his horse and shouted that he meant to smash through the Austrian lines with whoever would follow him. In a mad cavalcade about 200 horsemen galloped after (*Continued on page 64*)

Three Acres And A Cow

A Smallholder's Reminiscence

By Arthur Mills

MINNIE, our cow, has taught me more about present-day farming problems than speeches, pamphlets, or newspaper articles could do. It came about this way. When keep grew short in the paddock she started to break out. First, she got into the orchard; I fortified this, and she laid flat the fence on the other side and got into our neighbour's potato-patch. Barbed wire does not mean much to her when she is hungry. So we decided to clear the orchard, where fine lush grass had been coming on since June, and put her in there. Thirty-six hours afterwards her daily milk yield had gone up four-fifths of a gallon. I mentioned this to Farmer B, who sends our milk along with his.

"It would do," he said. "Makes a wonderful difference if you put them on a bit of fresh grass."

The trouble is, very few farmers have a bit of fresh grass on which to put their beasts. Which is the principal reason why, after allowing for the requirements of the Services, the allowance of milk for the public is two pints or two and a half pints per person per week. The farmers I have spoken to around these parts are all looking forward to the day when they can grass down their ploughed fields. Now the submarine menace is easier only the most moronic type of Government official would want wheat grown in a dairy country.

The clearing of the orchard was quite a task. From an acre we have bagged and dispatched over 2¼ tons of fallers and cider apples, say, 5,000 lb. The price for the first two tons was £14 per ton, dropping to £10 per ton for the residue. The drop is on account of there being a glut of apples in Somerset. We have eight trees of Blenheim Oranges. I wrote to two dealers; one could not take any more apples as he could not clear them; the other was too short of labour to come over and collect.

Any one who has eaten bananas brought on board ship from a plantation, and bananas brought to England in a ship, will agree that fresh-picked fruit is better than imported fruit. Yet we are importing apples before we clear our own. Our own quantity is too small to matter, but a week ago on a bus ride to Taunton I saw apple trees laden with Blenheims, and I doubt they will all reach the market. They certainly won't if we have many more gales.

To pick a tree clean of apples is a task for a small, active boy, not for an elderly, heavy man. The imp places the ladder against the tip of the lightest branches, climbs to the top, leans outward, and gathers in the fruit. I tried this and nearly lost my life. The next two trees of Blenheims I knocked down with a pole and put in the cider bags.

Picking up the fallers was also done by imps. I started picking them up myself. When I weighed the first bag, as required by the cider firm, the cord broke, the bag fell and spilled apples all over the place; so I went down to the village and enticed two imps with an offer of a 1s. a cwt. to pick up apples; the bags varied in size, so we ended by computing cwts., and that is how they have gone off to the cider firm; I hope it is all right.

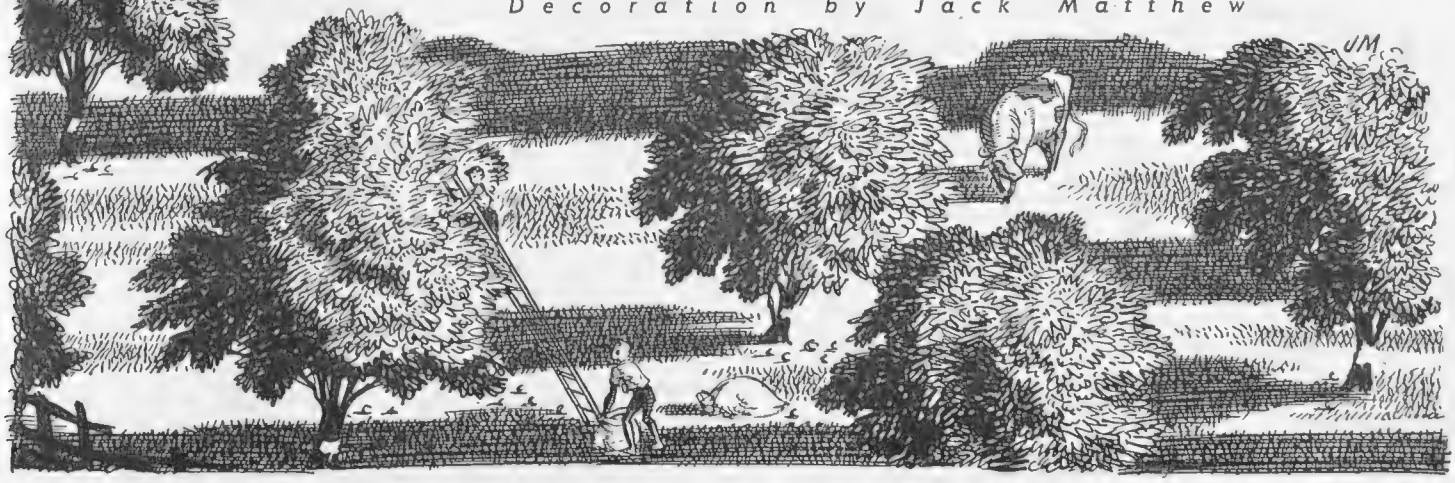
I could write pages about cider, a little-known drink in many parts of England. Around here it sells at 8d. a pint in the pubs, and is a good deal stronger than beer. Farmhouse cider is not sold so much in the pubs; nor is so much of it made as formerly on the farms. In the old days farmhouse cider was always sold, often made by the innkeeper from his own orchard. In our local there still stand the old two-handled quart pots which were filled, I believe at one time, at 1½d. a quart, each man buying a mug in turn and passing it round. Those were the days when a farm labourer's wage was 10s. a week. Many big business men are supposed to have started selling newspapers on the streets, but when you meet a successful farmer, who started as a farm labourer at 10s. a week, you are meeting a man who has done something. From agricultural worker to farmer is a mighty hard road.

In those days the first thing done by the labourer, who was able to make a start towards becoming his own boss, was to buy or rent a bit of land. Then he got a cottage and such outbuildings as he could afford constructed. In these parts this was done by digging into the nearest field and getting out sufficient stone. Our cottage was built that way; in the fields on either side there are deep hollows where stone has been taken out for building cottages. The hollows, when grassed over, are all right for grazing but hamper cultivation. The great asset of these old-time cottages is their snugness. Until we came here we had never lived in a house with 18-in.-thick walls; both winter and summer they make all the difference to comfort.

These old-world cottages have drawbacks also. The two living-rooms measure 12 ft. by 13 ft. each. Now more than three people cannot use a sitting-room of that size with comfort. My wife, who is joint owner of the property and the brains of the enterprise, has done something about this—as a surprise!

I knew she had got hold of a one-man village builder to do a bit of patching here and there, and went into Taunton for the day. Coming up the lane in the evening I saw a pile of rubble—a bi; pile—on a little lawn, which I am just coaxing to grow. So the roof or a wall had fallen in! Well, I had thought something might happen. On arrival I found The Brains, with her head swathed in a handkerchief, smothered in mortar dust, and the one-man builder also looking as if he had been dug out. Both looked pleased and happy. This was what they had done. They had knocked down the main wall of the (*Continued on page* 66)

Decoration by Jack Matthew



The Corner Table

A Drama of the Animal Trainer from Devil's Island in Liberated France

By Stanley Jackson

TRUE he had been on the Ile Royale for seven years and was a trusted convict with a white towel of his own; but there were men who had been longer on the island without gaining one half his prestige. No, they were still numbers, but he was Pierre. Only the warden knew his other name. Pierre was not inclined to be talkative about himself.

"I killed a man," he would grunt. "A pig in Marseilles. He cheated me of my savings. And I cut his throat."

In the filthy, lice-ridden dormitory men talked about the crimes that had brought them to Devil's Island. Nobody listened. Murderers whined about injustice or ill luck. Sneak-thieves and blackmailers, hardened by many prison terms, bragged endlessly of great coups that had brought in millions of francs. Then they sat on their bunks, with the sweat dripping down their naked bodies, and cheated for centimes. But Pierre played solitaire and only stirred when someone pulled a knife. Then he would get up slowly, a shaggy formidable figure, and thrash the quarrelsome one with terrifying thoroughness. It was said that he had once beaten a man to death, but the warders shrugged when someone asked about it. Pierre was more useful than a dozen guards.

"If only we could keep him here after he has served his term," sighed the warden. "His dormitory is the quietest on the whole island."

PIERRE'S dormitory was the quietest on the whole island

He seemed to be completely reconciled to the colony. The morning that Laurent took him aside seemed like any other. Pierre had got up, washed from head to toe and towelled himself vigorously. Then he combed his beard carefully, flexed his great muscles and began a complicated series of physical exercises.

Nobody smiled; Pierre and his exercises were taken as much for granted as the picture of the woman with ash-gold hair pinned to his bunk. Behind his back they sniggered and speculated. Perhaps he was a wrestler or a professional boxer. One warder hinted that the woman was an actress whom Pierre had murdered. Pierre did not satisfy their curiosity.

That morning he went about his duties in his quiet way. He stood in line with the other convicts and the warden gave him a friendly smile as he passed. The warden was feeling very pleased with life. From Trinidad had come the news of the Allied landing on the Riviera. He wondered whether it would be policy to announce the news, but decided against it. Lately, there had been too many attempts at escape. Something ugly might develop if the men got too excited. Already there were too few warders on the island.

Under the eye of a guard, Pierre ran his hands over the striped pyjamas of the other convicts as they went off to the quarries.

"No weapons. No instruments," he reported mechanically. Then he wheeled his trolley, laden with soup bowls, along the corridor of the solitaries. Ugly shaven skulls popped out of their narrow hatches as the smell of the food drifted along.

"Bonjour. Ca va?" He had a joking word for each of the men who were doing two years of solitary for having tried to escape twice. Fools, he could only feel pity for them. Only a madman would try to swim the Maroni. Of course, like all the others, he had dreamed of doing the same thing. But he was cured by what he had seen of the men who were brought back—those who came back. A river crawling with man-eating caymans, and prianhas that could slice a man in two with one snap of their jaws. And the swamp beyond for a man to go mad in, even if he were lucky enough to escape the slithering corals and fer-de-lances. Even so, there were natives who prowled the jungle, eager for the sight of an escaped convict. Forty francs a head.

THE man he had been watching was stamping like a maniac on the animal's feet

"Non, merci," not for Pierre who had his own clean towel and cheese and jam for his tea! That was for behaving for thirty months, and now he could smoke a cheroot and even go fishing twice a week. This very afternoon he was to have some fishing. Small fish, to be sure, but one's mind travelled back so pleasantly when the line was at rest in the water.

He was humming in his beard when Laurent stopped him. "Bonjour," said Pierre pleasantly.

Illustrations by S. Tresilian

The warder nodded quickly. His thin, dark face was twitching. This man should not be here, thought Pierre idly. He had heard vague rumours that Laurent had applied for a transfer, but the warden had refused to grant it. There were whispers that Laurent doped secretly, trying to forget that his wife and son were still in France. The warders—and quite a few of the convicts—thought the affair amusing.

"She writes him letters but probably some fat Boche officer has the key of her apartment," someone laughed in the dormitory. Pierre nearly broke the man's arm. No, it wasn't funny. He would reread the year-old letter from Jeanne and think of the little corner table in the Café Provençal where they used to meet every day for an apéritif. Men and women alike turned to look at Pierre in those days and nobody disputed his right to that table or to the love of golden-haired Jeanne. Yes, one could feel something for Laurent, the warder, despite his furtive smile and the way his mouth twitched.

Laurent looked quickly over his shoulder. There was nobody in sight. "You have heard the news?" he asked in a low voice.

Pierre shrugged and said nothing. He felt distinctly uncomfortable and hoped that none of the others would see him conversing with Laurent. They had ugly names for prisoners who were too familiar with guards.

"The Allies are in Marseilles," said Laurent, anticipating the facts somewhat. "Soon they will be in Paris." He passed his finger across his throat. "The Hun is finished." He shuddered with disgust. "And we rot in a stinking hell!"

Pierre felt his heart pounding under his thin jacket but he spread his hands in a gesture of indifference.

"Marseilles does not concern me," he said lightly. Perhaps this was a trap. Perhaps Laurent wanted an escaped prisoner's scalp to make things easier for himself. The island was full of stool pigeons.

Two angry red spots showed on Laurent's high cheekbones.

"You are a fool!" he snapped. "The men and women of Marseilles are dancing to-day while we are buried alive in this hell." Sweat was pouring down his face and his hands were trembling. "We are both from Marseilles. Why should we not go together? I need a man like you, a strong man I can trust."

Pierre's eyes narrowed to slits of blue. It was a trap all right.

"Do you think the warden will give us his blessing?" he asked ironically.

"Merde," said Laurent and spat at him. Pierre walked away slowly.

That night he lay on his bunk and stared fixedly at the photograph of Jeanne. Of course, it had been a clumsy trap. And yet, if it were genuine? Laurent would have money and, perhaps, a boat hidden somewhere. Pamaribo, and then over to Trinidad. The Café Provençal. Jeanne, with the light on her shining hair, a Dubonnet resting mellowly on the tongue. There were ways and means of raising money in Marseilles if you knew the ropes. And the police would be too busy with war problems to worry about a crime committed years ago. He cursed his stupidity in not listening to Laurent, and slept badly.

The warder did not give the slightest hint of bearing malice. His attitude was the same as ever except that he had a funny little smile on his face. The other guards noticed it and shook their heads pityingly. In this climate a man did not live long once he took to opium.

Four days after their strange conversation, Laurent muttered the single word "Marseilles" as he passed Pierre in the yard. Again Pierre felt that quickening of the pulse. Laurent did not mention the subject but by little nods and casual liftings of his eyebrows he had established a freemasonry between them.

"I have the boat," he murmured one evening as he inspected the trolley Pierre was wheeling towards the corridor of the solitaries.

"Trinidad within three days," he whispered when he passed next morning.

Pierre made no sign but began to play cards with his

companions in the dormitory. His luck was good and, when it failed, he began to cheat. Soon he had nearly two hundred francs under his bolster and slept with one eye open in case someone should sneak up in the dark with a razor. He could already smell hot coffee—the salty odour of *bouillabaisse*—the perfume of Jeanne's silky hair.

Next morning he gave Laurent a slight nod which meant nothing to any one near but told the warder all he wanted to know. He whistled a couple of bars of the "Marseillaise."

RAVENEL rubbed the short red stubble on his chin and sighed. The Café Provençal was crowded with laughing people and, at ordinary times, he would have been delighted by the pretty girls in their smart new frocks. He sighed weightily, a big beefy middle-aged man who wanted nothing more than to retire to Anjou with a pension and keep a few chickens. And here he was, stuck in Marseilles, nosing about for criminals, collaborationists and other enemies of the Republic! This, after years of having to be polite to the German swine. It was enough to murder a man's digestion.

He ordered himself another Pernod, pretended to read his newspaper and continued to study the heavily built man at the table in the corner. Being a policeman was like suffering from a disease. You developed a suspiciousness towards your fellow human beings that spoilt all normal pleasures. Now, take that man at the corner table, for example. Ravenel had been watching him for a week to no purpose, except that his instinct kept prompting him.

"A policeman can always smell the odour of crime, my dear," he used to assure his wife. But he was getting less confident now. At his suggestion, another officer had casually demanded that the stranger should produce his papers. They seemed to be in perfect order. Jacques Moulin, labourer, now working as a stevedore at the docks. Nothing known against him, but one never knew. It was not difficult to buy forged papers in the Vieux Port.

Ravenel paid for his drinks and left the café. It was very disturbing. At first he had imagined that the man's face was somewhat familiar. Then he had noticed that the suspect was always at the corner table and looked restless, as if he were waiting for someone. If only that person would arrive, Ravenel felt sure the pieces would spring into place. The Café Provençal was not at all the sort of place you would expect to meet a stevedore. Why did he not drink at a *bistro* on the waterfront, the detective asked himself for the hundredth time.

The man at the table shook himself irritably and went back to the docks. He heard the sharp swish of a woman's dress and wheeled quickly. No, it was a little brunette who gave him a provocative smile. He grunted and plodded away in his heavy boots. Jeanne might be a thousand miles away while he was running his neck into a noose. He could smell a *flic* almost as easily as Ravenel could smell a criminal, and it had not been difficult to sense that he was under observation. No, he must give up this foolishness and steer clear of the Café Provençal; perhaps it would be wise to pull out altogether and go north to Paris.

Next morning he was back at the corner table. Inwardly he groaned as Ravenel took his seat a few feet away and began to study his newspaper. How foolish he had been to listen to that fool, Laurent! But for him he would now be back on the island with his towel and his cheroot and without this great ache inside him. One move from the big man, a little tap on the shoulder, and he would be on his way back to Devil's Island with months in a darkened solitary cell before him. He shuddered and gulped down his drink.

There was a thudding of drums and the blare of a (*Continued on page* 62)

HE would think of the little corner table in the Café Provençal where he and Jeanne used to meet every day for an apéritif

Typical "black and white" cottages at Cropthorne, Worcestershire

(Below) Half-timber house at Chilham, Kent. This county is rich in timber-framed buildings

From The Olden Days

England's Romantic Half-Timbered Buildings

By C. A. Stevenson

Ledbury Market House, Herefordshire. Built by John Abel in 1633

Half-timber Berkshire dwelling of the yeoman type

A combination of timber, brick and stone at Sutton Bonnington, Notts

DATING from the Tudor and Stuart periods England possesses many half-timber buildings distinguished by superb craftsmanship. Using native material easily accessible, the old wrights, heedless that their methods might one day be archaic, built solidly and well, intending their work to endure for a thousand years.

So, to-day, these timber-framed structures stand extraordinarily sound despite time's passage. Some, long ago, perished through insensate neglect; others, condemned as insanitary and damp, have more recently been demolished after adequately fulfilling the needs of remoter days. Those that remain age has endowed with becoming mellowness. Bulging walls and warped cross-pieces, twisted and distorted by the attrition of centuries, have heightened the irregularity of their primitive outlines. In their quaint interiors massive ceiling-beams incised by the carpenter's adze, hang low over uneven floors, catching and holding the sunlight or the glow of logs on the hearth. The craftsmen who built them never strove for picturesqueness. The beauty they created is fortuitous, arising often from perfect unity of material and environment—the oneness of timber, daub and thatch with the rich English earth.

Yet, with a single exception, these experts in timber-framing are anonymous artists, their names unrecorded and forgotten. They, too, like the material they used, came, as it were, from the soil. Their ancestors were villagers. Even John Abel, the "King's Carpenter," the one craftsman whose name has emerged from the past, descended from yeoman stock. Many gems of his shine among the "magpie architecture" in the western Midlands. Besides the market halls at Ledbury and Leominster, he built the greater part of Hereford, including the "Old House" and the town hall, now destroyed.

Timber-framing, it might be said, evolved originally from the herdman's hut, and, passing through various transitions such as the "cruck" formation and the king-post, ultimately attained the stage known as post-and-truss construction, which in its more complex form, constitutes the major portion of the half-timberwork still existing.

Much notable half-timbering occurs in Sussex and Kent, especially at Midhurst and Chiddingstone, whilst at Alfriston the Priest's House survives from the fourteenth century. Kent, too, is rich in yeoman's steadings, finely timbered and roofed with thatch or tile: a few that remain from the late Middle Ages have recessed fronts, the central hall or living-place being set between two projecting wings. In East Anglia the best work is found in the old houses of the wealthy weavers around Kersey and Lavenham. Ranking high among other examples of masterly English timbering are Moreton Old Hall, Cheshire; "The House of the Golden Key," Tewkesbury; the Leycester Hospital, Warwick; Staick House, Eardisland; the Feathers Inn, Ludlow; the (*Continued on page* 58)

Smuggler's

A Matrimonial Stratagem

IT used to be the custom at Kinson Church, which stands on the slope of a meadow a few miles inland from the Channel coast, on the very edges of Hampshire and Dorset, to pray for the souls of those who had departed during the past twelve months. And it was upon this yearly occasion that old Emma Shapwick used to attend, though whether it was to mourn for her long lost husband or to revive old memories no one ever really knew.

To this aged woman, whose dark eyes retained a sparkle which belied her enfeebled frame, Kinson Church was more than a place of worship. As she bent her head in prayer and listened to the soft voice of the young parson, so devout and so earnest in all his utterances, she thought of the bluff and jovial John Hall, who had been in charge of the parish when she was a young, pretty and, above all, adventurous maid.

Hall had been a man after her own heart, vigorous and full-blooded, and his ideas on what was right and wrong would never have had the approval of the bishop. He could ride and fight and play cards for high stakes with the best in either county. His winnings (and he won more often than he lost) were dropped next morning into the poor box which always hung at the door of his church; and if his luck was out he would empty his pockets with a laugh.

This rough-and-ready churchman had also a liking for good wine, and many a tub of illegal liquor found its way into his well-stocked cellar. That is how Emma Shapwick, then Emma Marsh, the wild young daughter of a Longham farmer, came to know him.

Her father had been a seafaring man and did not take easily to the management of land and cattle. For years the place had not shown a penny profit, so he paid his way by other means.

There was a deal of unlawful traffic in French liquor passing through the countryside, and Farmer Marsh frequently profited himself by allowing the goods to be hidden upon his property, as well as resting and feeding the men and their horses on their hazardous journeys inland to Wimborne, Dorchester and even as far as Salisbury, where the gentry paid handsome prices. Many a time had young Emma, whose mother had died when the girl was but a few months old, risen from her bed in the middle of the night to cook meals for weary, and sometimes desperate, guests.

Little wonder, then, that when her father died she carried on his risky trade, loving the thrill and adventure of it and rising to far greater heights (and profits) than Farmer Marsh had ever attempted. Seamen from Poole, who engaged in this trade with fast and well-armed cutters in which they could outpace and outshoot the few revenue vessels, had only to be responsible for bringing the stuff across the water and getting it ashore. Emma did the rest. She took more tubs from them and paid better prices than they had ever known before and her name became a toast in many a waterside tavern.

Every hand on her farm was a wily and experienced smuggler. She had her own team of pack ponies and her wagons often carried more valuable cargoes than their apparent load of hay. Half the population of the surrounding villages, from Howe to Hampreston, were in her pay and could be relied upon to pass on information about the movements of the excisemen. Even the parson had been of some help on occasions, for he strongly disapproved of the heavy taxes imposed by the Government and saw no evil in a trade which brought a few simple comforts and luxuries to an otherwise poverty-stricken neighbourhood. And, as was known, he had a taste for the best liquor.

IN the struggle which followed the bolt came right out in her hand and she twisted round and struck the exciseman over the head with it

THE excisemen, who ranged the countryside and knew a lot more than they could prove, were fairly certain that Emma was the prime mover in the illegal traffic, which had swollen to alarming proportions and put them in a very bad light with their superiors in London. But, handicapped by lack of numbers and with no

Wedding

Which Defeated The Excisemen

By A. W. Roberts

means of rapid communication, they generally found themselves outwitted—arriving at the wrong rendezvous, acting on false information from the country folk and often being misdirected along the winding lanes and footpaths on moonless nights. The daring Emma had even had them in to supper more than once and treated them to the best French brandy, assuring her guests, with her tongue in her cheek, that it had been in the house since her grandfather's days and professing a womanly innocence as to its origin.

It amused Emma to taunt them so; but she did it once too often. One evening six of them called on her and she gave them unbounded hospitality, partly to allay their suspicions and partly for her own secret entertainment. Chief among them was a tall, elderly officer, correct in his manners and coldly efficient in the execution of his duty. He never took any liberties outside his official capacity and was always very polite to Emma if ever he called to make inquiries. Emma treated him in like manner and respected him as a fair and worthy opponent. It was his second-in-command she had such an intense dislike for.

He was a small, bush-browned, mangy-looking individual with a beak nose and a face like a rat. She hated his insidious suggestions about needing an honest man to run the farm for her and that it was time she thought about taking a husband. She was sometimes driven to a sharp retort by his unsavoury remarks about young Henry Shapwick, her right hand man on the farm and her most trusted henchman in the business of smuggling. This Shapwick, a native of Canford Heath, performed such tasks as Emma's womanly weaknesses would not allow her to do (though she was not averse to some hazardous night riding at times, and faced fearful risks which most women would have shrunk from). Shapwick was a country clod in many ways, a far inferior being to his mistress, but he was strong, active and reliable, and therein lay his value.

On this particular night, after the excisemen had finished supper, their officer asked if two of his men might have a night's lodging in the hay loft as they had to be about their duties in the district in the very early hours and it was too far for them to get to their homes the other side of Wimborne on so dark a night. Emma could not well refuse, even though one of the pair was the man she objected to so much, but she felt not a little anxiety because Henry Shapwick would be coming that night with news of some two hundred barrels which had been landed at Bourne on the previous night and were being brought north on the first stage of their journey inland. She would have to get the pony train diverted for she could not have the stuff dumped on the farm with two of the King's men sleeping on the premises, or pretending to sleep as the case might be. The rat-faced one would more likely be prowling about the outhouses looking for trouble.

Shortly after midnight, as Emma sat alone before the kitchen fire, she heard Henry's brisk step coming up the gravel path at the back of the house. He whistled softly, tapped lightly on the door and entered, as was his custom. He had just started to tell her that all was well and that the train would be arriving in about an hour when Emma hurriedly interrupted him.

"They must not come here to-night," she said quickly. "I've got two excisemen lodged in the hay loft. I could not get rid of them and it's likely they're here to make trouble. Is it too late for the lads to scatter and hide until to-morrow night?"

"That it be," replied Shapwick. "They're nigh on us now. How be we shove it under Longham Bridge for to-night? There bean't 'ardly any water in the river."

"No, no. There's four others left here but a little while ago and if they've an inkling that something's afoot they'll be posted round the neighbourhood. I've an idea those two were left here as part of a trap."

Emma walked up and down the room, a little agitated for the moment but still the calm mistress of her business.

"We must think of something quickly. Quickly," she kept saying.

"If they be only six we could clout they over the 'ead and tie 'em up till it suits us," suggested Henry, for he lacked not courage and had a liking for a rough and tumble.

"That would be no good." Emma dismissed his idea impatiently. "We would be giving them just the evidence they want, and once free they would have us like rats in a trap. Listen now, Henry. Get you down Kinson Lane as fast as you can and get the key of the belfry door from Parson Hall. Tell him we've some stuff to put in the tower for him. He's had it left there before but you needn't tell him you're going to put the lot in there. Off with you now and waste no time. You should be able to turn the

Illustrations by Edward Osmond

FROM behind a gravestone the excise officer watched her enter the main door of the church

ponies off at Ensbury. Hurry, man, hurry."

Henry grinned. "Thee do always think o' zummat, Miss Emma. A marvel you be." And still wondering at the ingenuity of his mistress he grabbed his hat and slipped out of doors as quick as his nimble feet could carry him.

She was just going to sit down again when the latch lifted and someone stepped quietly into the room. Womanlike, she could not stifle a little cry of dismay for it was none other than the rat-faced exciseman.

"All right, Miss Marsh, all right," he purred in his slimy way. "I'm sorry to butt in so late like this. I know you didn't expect me and I 'umbly apologize. Sit down, my lady, sit down."

Emma knew at once that he must have been listening at the window to her conversation with Henry Shapwick. Like as not he had already sent his companion post haste to inform the officer of their plans. What a fool she was to be caught so easily; she, who fancied herself as the greatest smuggler of all time, to be so foolish as to forget that with the King's men at her door her every movement would be watched and every word eavesdropped.

For a moment she thought of bribing the man with half the swag, but she detested him so that she could not bring herself to do it. She made a movement towards the door but he artfully barred the way. Then she blustered.

"Sir, you have no right to intrude upon me like this. I shall report you to your officer. I am sure he would not allow such ungentlemanly conduct."

He smiled—an unpleasant smile—and shook his head.

"You'll report to my officer all right, but as my prisoner. I'll have some reporting to do, too."

"Oh," she said haughtily, at a loss for words.

"You are suspected of unlawful dealings," he went on. "I'm not a hard man, Miss Marsh, and perhaps if you confide in me I could make things better for you."

He would have said more, but she drew herself up to her most ladylike poise and said in a lofty voice: "Sir, if I am not allowed to go in and out of my own house as I please, will you kindly step out of my way and permit me to go to my room."

The exciseman stroked his chin for a moment, for he was suspicious of her every move. But he could not very well refuse her request and stood aside as she turned towards the door that led into the hall and to the main staircase. In a flash she darted to the front door and drew the big, heavy bolt. He leapt after her like a bloodhound on its prey and grasped her by the wrist. In the struggle which followed the bolt came right out in her hand and she twisted round and struck him over the head with it. Three, four, five times she brought the iron down on his mangy crown until he sagged in a bloody heap on the floor.

Without daring to contemplate what she had done she flew out into the night, raced across Longham Bridge and down Kinson Lane to the church. If she was not quick enough the trust that the men put in her might take them to the hangman's noose. Like as not the excise officer and his men were already at the church, waiting for the pony train to arrive. Perhaps they had already sent for reinforcements.

It was well that she was a sure-footed country girl for she did not stumble or slacken her pace until she reached the gate of the churchyard. From behind a gravestone the excise officer watched her enter by the main door (which Parson Hall never locked as a matter of principle). He did not attempt to stop her for he might as well have her in the bag, caught red-handed in the act of breaking the law, and make a clean sweep of the whole business.

Emma could see a dim light in the belfry tower and the men were already hauling the barrels up by the bell ropes, Henry Shapwick superintending. It looked as though she was too late.

He was surprised to see her but soon learnt the reasons for her alarm. But she was still mistress of the situation. She was not beaten yet. Half a dozen words were enough to tell Shapwick of their danger. Clod-like he looked to her for inspiration. (*Continued on page* 68)

THE men were already hauling the barrels up by the bell ropes, Shapwick superintending. It looked as though she was too late

What kind of a woman are you? Do you like sophisticated glamour, sleek satins and make-up shades to accent the colours you are wearing—or do you care for soft chiffons, gay ribbons and that peaches-and-cream look of the real English complexion? For all I know you may be a woman who has hardly had the time to think of her looks at all, or you may have lost so much in this war that you have lost interest in yourself as well. Perhaps your man has been overseas for months or even years, or maybe you have been in one of the Services with hardly any private life of your own. Whoever you are, I am sure your life has been uprooted by war to such an extent that you find it hard to visualise what things will be like when we have peace again.

No matter what has happened to you in the past war years, you will want to look your best when you face victory, and so, instead of a New Year greeting card I have a chart for you listing glamour make-up for 1945, as well as old-fashioned favourites and a choice of hair and face treatments. If you want one, send me a stamped and addressed envelope, and whether you want one or not, please accept my wishes for a very happy New Year.

JANE GORDON

ON DUTY

IT is nice to know there is going to be a little extra glamour this year, and, goodness, we can do with it after four long years of skimping and make-do on duty. The New Year is bringing us six new lipstick shades that I know of—four of them by Arden. These include Red Feather, which is gay and glowing enough for a victory parade; Radiant, being made to wear with all the blues and wine shades. (This is the perfect lipstick for the woman with white or grey hair.) Then there is Cinnabar, a dark lipstick, good for furs and winter clothes. And last but not least, Natural, which you can wear without a qualm on duty; it is made on an "inert" base, and can be used by women who are allergic to the ordinary type of lipstick. These four lipsticks have their own matching dry rouge.

Two new lipstick shades have also been introduced by a small firm of which I have heard. Both have a mauvey under-tinge. And this brings the range up to no fewer than eight shades.

Even the most glamorous make-up will not disguise a war-weary face, so in order to get the right foundation for her new make-up shades, Arden has introduced a course of Intra-Cellular Treatments. This new Intra-Cellular Mask has been created with the aid of a Continental Specialist in Electro-Therapy. It works wonders with the neck as well as the face, but you can only get it at the London Salon.

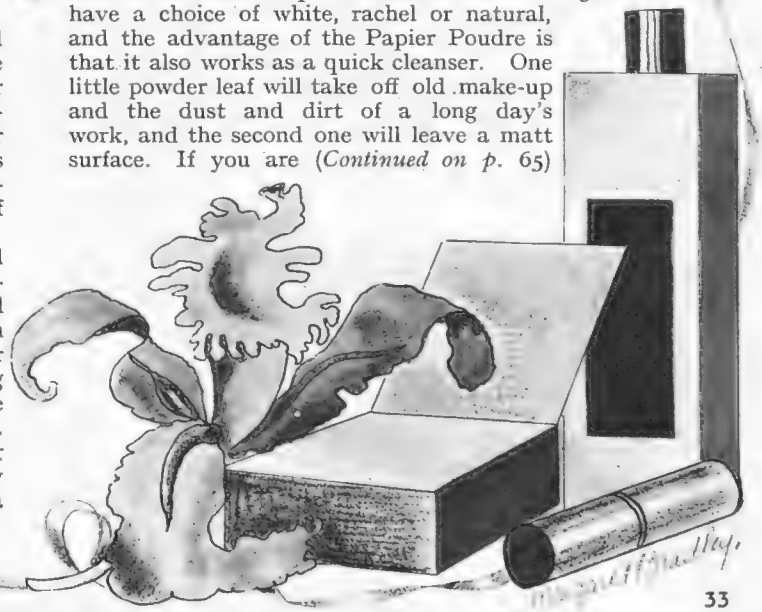
There is nothing like a few years of overwork and worry to take the life out of your hair, and nothing like massage and electrical treatment for putting life into it again. There is a hairdresser down Sloane Street way where you can get a half-hour electrical treatment with violet ray for 5s., or £1 for five treatments, or 25s. 6d. for six treatments. Here they shampoo your hair and give you really thorough scalp massage as well. A soapless oil shampoo and massage costs 7s. 6d., and an expert trim, 5s. Permanent waving is £3 10s., and includes shaping. An ordinary shampoo and set is 4s. 6d., face massage, 10s. 6d., and, what seems almost too good to be true, you can get a real Peggy Sage manicure for 3s. 6d., but this must be plus a massage hair treatment.

AND OFF

THERE is a lot to be said for the old-fashioned beauty preparations. In the first place, these were the recipes used by our grandmothers and our great-grandmothers, and no one can deny that Englishwomen in those days were more beautiful than any other women in the world. These old-fashioned beauty aids still remind us of herbs and English gardens, of well-ordered still-rooms, and the restful atmosphere of country bedrooms and glazed chintzes.

The complexion milks and balms, old-fashioned cold creams, glycerine and rose water, glycerine and cucumber, papier poudre, rouge leaves, toilet vinegars, nail creams, and even the old-fashioned smelling salts, can still be bought if you know where to look for them. Our grandmothers and great-grandmothers carried smelling salts in elegant cut-glass bottles, and used them for the "vapours." Nowadays, we are not nearly so refined. We have the same ammonia, disguised by lavender or eau de Cologne, but it comes in utility or austerity bottles, and very useful it is too in shelters during a bad blitz night.

As a New Year offering, I have collected together a list of really old-fashioned beauty preparations, and here it is: You can still get Papier Poudre, and each little book of powder leaves costs 1s. 3d. You have a choice of white, rachel or natural, and the advantage of the Papier Poudre is that it also works as a quick cleanser. One little powder leaf will take off old make-up and the dust and dirt of a long day's work, and the second one will leave a matt surface. If you are (*Continued on p.* 65)



BETTER WALL

WALLPAPER has been badly hit by the war. After a long phase in which fashion decreed that walls should be plain and paperless, the pendulum had begun to swing until, just before the outbreak of war, decorators were making inspired use of wallpaper, and women everywhere were beginning to appreciate its interest, when tastefully handled.

But since the war, no new wallpapers have been made, though, lately, manufacturers have been much engrossed planning designs and policy for the future.

A welcome trend of the new policy is to improve the general standard of design of mass-produced, lower-priced papers, so that good pattern and colouring are available to every home.

In order to achieve this end, first-rate artists are now working for some of the bigger manufacturers, designing papers which, it is hoped, will be put into full production immediately restrictions are relaxed.

Pictures on these pages show the attractive uses to which papers of all descriptions can be put in the decoration of the home.

It is certain that the new decoration will bring a

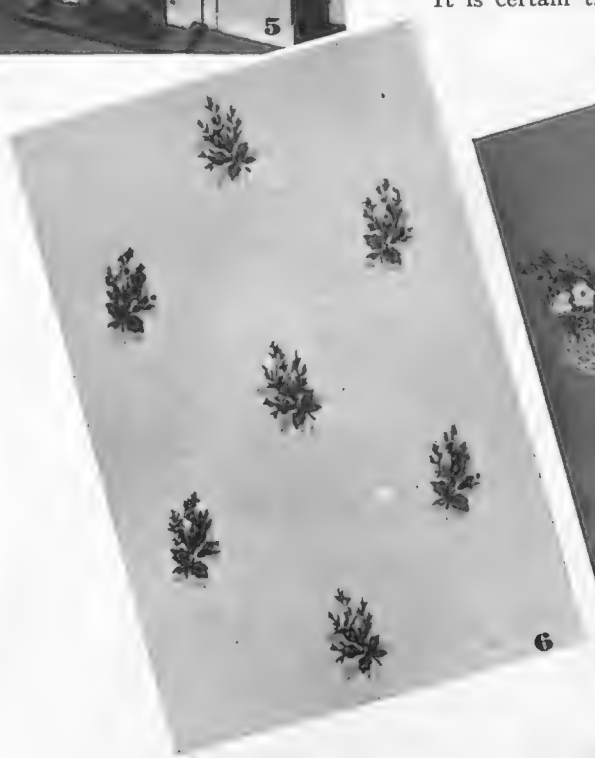
5. Pink, pale blue and off-white are the main colourings of this sitting-room, where the delicate spot wallpaper is carried to ceiling height to offset the sloping wall.

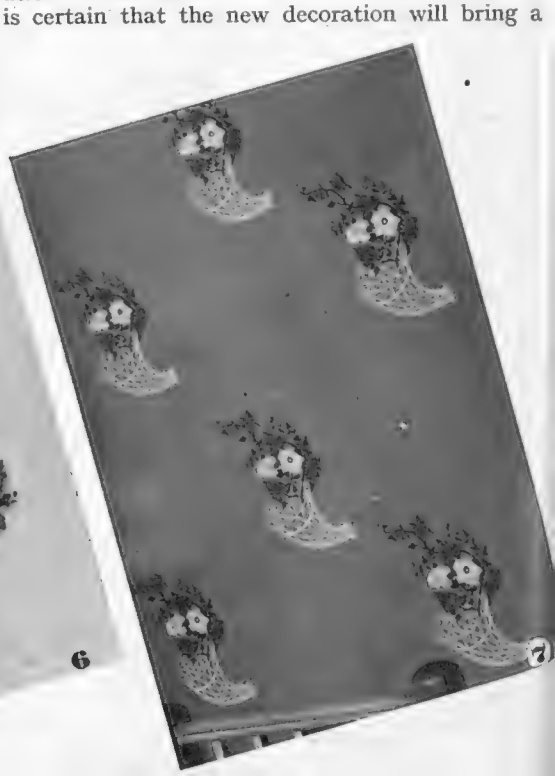
6. Moss-rose design. Another Sanderson wallpaper, ideal for a chintz room, or with almost any type of period furniture.

7. Cornucopia design for a wallpaper. In a large room the delicate colouring of this design is most effective. Sanderson.

8. Cream wallpaper patterned with gold fleur-de-lis gives this hall distinction. Paintwork matches the paper's background.

9. Pale-blue and wine fabrics displayed against blue wallpaper with a paler blue design. In this case, patterned wallpaper is used only as a background for the bed.





1. An enchanting background for a stylised scheme is provided by a prim wallpaper with a pastel ground matching the woodwork.

2. Delicate modern design for a wallpaper by Sanderson. Ideal for a sitting-room in delicate flower colourings. This paper could be used effectively in panels.

3. Furnishing fabrics designed to match the wallpaper were deservedly popular before the war. This revival of an old custom promises a return to favour.

4. Nursery friezes grow monotonous, but this star-spangled paper retains its charm. Here silver stars are scattered on a blue ground.

PAPER ON THE WAY

complete breakaway from the starkly simple backgrounds of the past.

Friendly, colourful wallpapers, carefully allied in character and colouring to the general scheme, will take their place.

The possibilities of wallpaper are endless. Vertical stripes can be used to give an illusion of height to low-ceilinged rooms. The same effect can be achieved by carrying a patterned paper above the picture rail to the ceiling.

Framing a bed, lining an alcove, or focusing interest on one spot by using a patterned paper at the point of interest and a plain paper with a matching background for the remaining walls, is another method coming into popular use.

Wallpaper is one of the most effective forms of decoration, but in the past it has not always been handled with understanding. Papers must be used as an integral part of the furnishing scheme. They must be balanced in design and colouring with every detail of the ensemble. When this is done, their possibilities are limitless.

Boiler Trouble.

"THE boiler is out again" is a far too familiar complaint in some homes.

Boiler troubles are, more often than not, due to faults of management. The domestic boiler is not difficult to handle, but it must be understood.

Be sure to use the right fuel. Coke is satisfactory in most boilers with a good draught. If you happen to have a boiler with a sluggish flue, try anthracite, or mix ordinary coke and boiler nuts.

Flues must be cleaned regularly. The average domestic boiler should be let out once a week and thoroughly cleared of clinker before re-lighting.

Put very little fuel on the fire when it is first lit. Stack it up later when it is well going. Be cautious about burning too much wet refuse. This is not good for the boiler, though many people do it.

At night, fill the fire with fuel, thrust the poker down through the coke until it comes through the bottom bars, then remove it. This allows for circulation of air, and keeps the fire going.

If you do not fully understand valves and dampers, write to the maker and ask for an explanation. The correct use of these may solve all difficulties.

Get Your Teeth Into It

TACKLE your tooth problem with verve, and at once. Go to see your dentist if you have not paid him a visit for the last year. Telephone for the appointment now. Do not think of it as an "appointment with fear," but as an appointment with health.

Although the phase has passed of drawing all teeth for an illness which is due to body toxins, it is still fairly safe to say that the toxins caused by decayed and neglected teeth can cause your health untold damage. This may take place without your knowledge, with only an occasional, ignored twinge of toothache.

In addition to this, if you have an imperfect set of teeth, you are certainly unable to bite and chew your food as you should, and are therefore taxing your digestive system.

Your teeth are divided into three parts—the crown, which is visible; the neck, which is under the gum and joins the crown to the third part, the root. The tissues of the teeth are also three: the enamel, the dentine (or body) of the tooth, and the cementum. It is not possible to say that the enamel is the most important part of your teeth, but it is the one part that you can try to preserve.

It is inconsistent: some people have more and stronger enamel than others. It is the hardest tissue formed by the human body, and it is mainly inorganic.

The older you get, the more minute the organic particles in the tissue become. For that reason, it is not possible to strengthen the enamel of your teeth after a very early age. When you consider that the milk teeth are budding in the jaw long before the child is born, and that the second, or permanent, teeth are also in the jaw at a very early age, it indicates the importance of calcium foods to the pregnant woman and the young child. The enamel of your teeth is almost entirely formed from calcium phosphates, calcium carbonate and a little fluoride. Dentine is more organic, and can therefore be subject to later doses of calcium. It is a sort of ivory with a large percentage of lime salts. It encloses the pulp of the tooth, and the pulp contains the mass of the nerves and blood cells and connective tissues. The pulp is inclined to wither up and decay in old age, sometimes causing an abscess; or if it is not as troublesome as that, it does cause a general loosening of the teeth. The cementum is merely the coating of the root.

Your enamel should withstand any amount of chewing; and chewing, by stimulating the circulation in the gums, is excellent for the teeth, but you must not get your teeth nut-cracking, cotton-biting (when enamel meets enamel), or nail-biting.

If you have very strong enamel, it is fairly certain that the dentine will also be strong; if you have weak enamel, your teeth need constant care and consideration.

Calcium is helpful and should be assisted by tooth-brushing and dental floss for between teeth. Gum massage keeps the teeth supplied with nourishment from the accelerated circulation of the blood.

Decaying food causes acids, which are detrimental to enamel and to dentine.

It is the abscess formed in the root or in the pulp of the tooth which is liable to circulate through the body and form little deposits at the danger-points, those danger-points being relative to your personal physical condition.

If you are in perfect health, the poisons from a decayed tooth may be carried away in the blood-stream and disposed of by your body. If, however, you are exhausted, with a tendency to this or that, those poisons may be the last straw on the donkey's back, and you will be the donkey. Some forms of rheumatism can frequently be traced back to bad teeth.

TOOTH EXERCISES—Get a piece of hard rubber (or a good wad of chewing-gum) and gradually chew it around the mouth from left back molars to front teeth, then to right back molars.

Take a thick piece of rubber the shape of a dental plate and, separating your two rows of teeth, bite on it three times quickly, the last bite being longer and harder than the earlier ones. Then release the bite absolutely and leave mouth slightly open.

Get your first finger (with a few grains of salt on it) and massage the gums from right to left, from left to right, with tiny circular movements on the outer side of your gums. Now work on the inner side, massaging up and down gently, but with stimulating friction.

You are older, tireder perhaps, than he remembered you. Your eyes and hair may have lost lustre, your jaw-line sags a little. Your figure has acquired new bumps and bulges. Face, hair, hands and neck will all respond, gratefully, to a short period of concentrated treatments, but figure faults take longer to correct. They also take effort and patience, but if you assault them intensively, the results will be truly rewarding. No one will have the leisure to-day to indulge in all the routines suggested here, so pick out your worst points and get to work on them now. Exercises sent on application.

By Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of the exercises or routines mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

HOW WILL YOU LOOK WHEN HE RETURNS?

DOWAGER'S HUMP. If you are over forty, your dowager's hump may tell the world, so watch it. Posture and neck exercises should keep it under control. The perfect neck posture is for ears to be over well-held-back shoulders, the chin held up and back. This posture, plus neck exercises done daily, removes that dowager's hump.

FAT UPPER ARM. Do five minutes' exercise and five minutes' massage each day. The first massage movement is strong pressure strokes from elbow upwards, using the opposite hand and gripping the flesh as hard as you can before you slide your hand upwards. The other movement is working upwards from elbow to shoulder with fat-pinching action by the opposite hand. Use slimming cream or lotion if you have it.

A PLUMP BOSOM. This need not be ageing, nor, if well-brassièred, need it ruin your silhouette. You can have quite voluptuous curves, providing your waist is slim and your posture good. You should do breast exercises to prevent sagging and to keep the bust youthful.

WAISTS are always ready for improvement over the age of thirty. As we gradually seize up with age, we forget to bend and stretch and keep ourselves sinuous and supple. That is unwise. If you have a spare tyre, pinch and pummel it mercilessly. If you have a thick waistline, bending, twisting and exercising will slim it. If you want a wasp waist, hold your chest and diaphragm up, keep your hips down, and stretch as often as you can.

STOMACHS are often distended through muscular collapse, fatty deposits, or incorrect posture. Contract the muscles of your stomach. You can feel the iron strength of them under your layer of fat. Now feel the topping tissues and you will be able to decide whether thay are too fat or not. If they are, it is a matter of a little dieting: not so many cups of tea with your breakfast, nothing between meals except hot drinks, less puddings and porridge. Pinch and squeeze the fatty deposits until they disappear. You have to keep on at it.

If the fat is not on the surface, check up on your bowel action, do exercises for posture and for the stomach muscles.

HIPS respond to a rolling massage exercise, because self-massage is too wearying. In fact, most hip exercises are done on the floor and have the pressure of the hips on the floor as the slimming action. Skipping, tap-dancing, high kicking are sure cures for unwanted hip curves. Do ten minutes' hip exercise night and morning until the inches are down, then five minutes regularly.

THIGHS generally link up with hips, and the same exercises are reducing here, too, but you can add a five-minute beating treatment. Clench your fists and, using them as little sledge-hammers, beat up and down your thighs.

CALVES need massage, massage and more massage. All the slimming lotion you have stored away can be put on and massaged in. Sit on the floor for it, and keep it up for five minutes on the one calf, strong, pulling strokes from ankle to behind-the-knee.

LIP READING

KEEP an eye on your lips. Your first care should be that you have no unattractive lip mannerisms, no down-at-the-mouth expressions. Your second care should be the health of your lips. Remember that lipstick is a protection against winter winds; don't go out without it, and put a smear of skin-food on first if you are dry-lipped.

Any signs of inflammation, dryness or cracking should be treated with Collins' Antiseptic Lotion, applied under lipstick during the day, and lavishly on cleansed lips at night. This will also help to combat cold sores.

Now for the veneer of beauty-lipstick. If your lips are very sensitive and allergic to even the best brands of wartime lipsticks, persevere until you have found an Elizabeth Arden "Natural" lipstick, a new creation on an inert base, so that it cannot aggravate the most sensitive of lips. It is a most natural, flattering and yet gay red. There are three other new Arden lipstick shades, all trying to cover a host of colour schemes intelligently. Radiant Peony is a bluish-toned lipstick perfect for wearing with black, white, purple-blues, greys, plum, wine, petunia. It is especially good on the grey- or white-haired woman. The other new shades are Cinnabar, rich with autumn shades; and Red Feather, a vivid balanced red.

Don't try to make your lips too big, too bowed, too dramatic. The medium-large, good-tempered, up-at-corners mouth is the most attractive. Start with a large dot in centre bottom lip, two large dots in top bows, two tiny dots in top corners, and two not quite so far out in bottom corners. Work this in to your mouth shape (you may need a heavier application if you have to make a bigger top or bottom lip than you have naturally), then powder, blot off the powder and re-apply your lipstick.

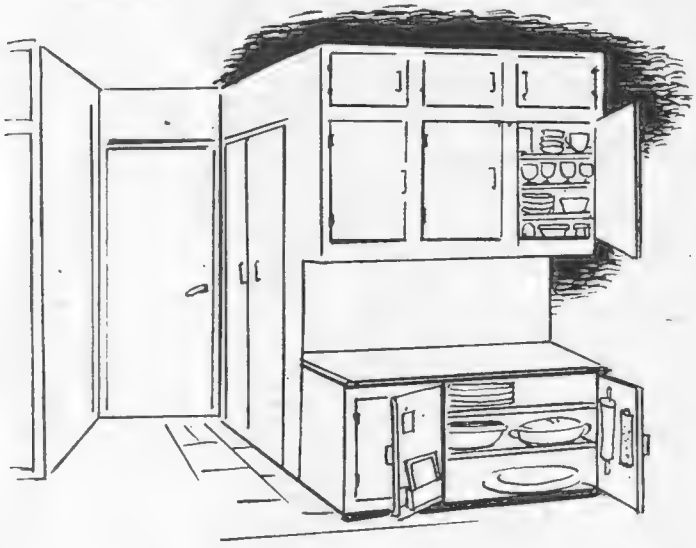
HERE IT IS:

THE post-war kitchen has been a topic of discussion and speculation for a long time. Now discussion has given place to practical experiment, and an example has been given us of what a post-war kitchen in a house of moderate size can achieve.

The credit for this realistic experiment goes to Radiation, who, in collaboration with Arcon, have designed and erected a complete model kitchen in their London premises. This kitchen, which is part of the design for a post-war house, is on display to the public, and is intended to crystallise opinion and show that manufacturers are fully alive to post-war needs.

The salient feature of the kitchen is the incorporation of a " dinette " at one end. Here family meals can be taken in comfort, without in the least complicating cooking operations. This is possible because the operational section of the kitchen is detached from the dining end. In fact, the planning has taken every need into consideration and met it with resource and practical understanding of working problems.

The kitchen is gas operated. Heating and cooking appliances are gas and smokeless fuel. By clever grouping, at one continuous level along one wall, the kitchen is given a streamline appearance and all working operations can be carried out with the minimum of movement.



The coke boiler, hot-water tank, gas cooker, sink and wash-boiler are grouped together under a central duct by means of which unnecessary heat losses are avoided, thus reducing the maintenance cost for fuel.

At the same time, this duct houses all supply- and waste-pipes, as well as the principal flues. This reduces the possibility of frozen pipes in cold weather and facilitates all plumbing repairs.

Cupboard space throughout the kitchen has been generously provided for. Each cupboard has been thoughtfully planned for a specific purpose, and fitted inside, accordingly. In each case, cupboards have been carried up to the ceiling, to eliminate dust-traps and to utilise every inch of space. High cupboards accommodate jam jars, bottled fruits and all items which do not come into frequent use.

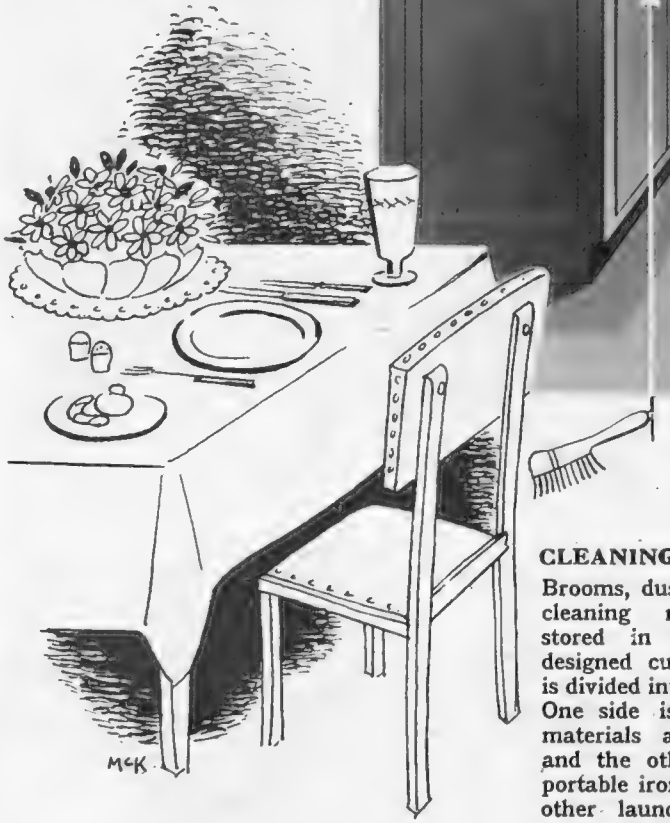
Meters have a cupboard to themselves and are easy to get at. A delivery-hatch outside the back door allows for safe, covered accommodation for tradesmen's deliveries when there is nobody at home.

The kitchen is small, compact and yet has plenty of moving space. The windows, one at each end, give ample daylight where it is most needed, and, since the heating of water for the whole house, including hot taps and two radiators, is provided from the coke boiler, the whole cost of maintenance is, the designers assure us, well within the limit of moderate incomes.

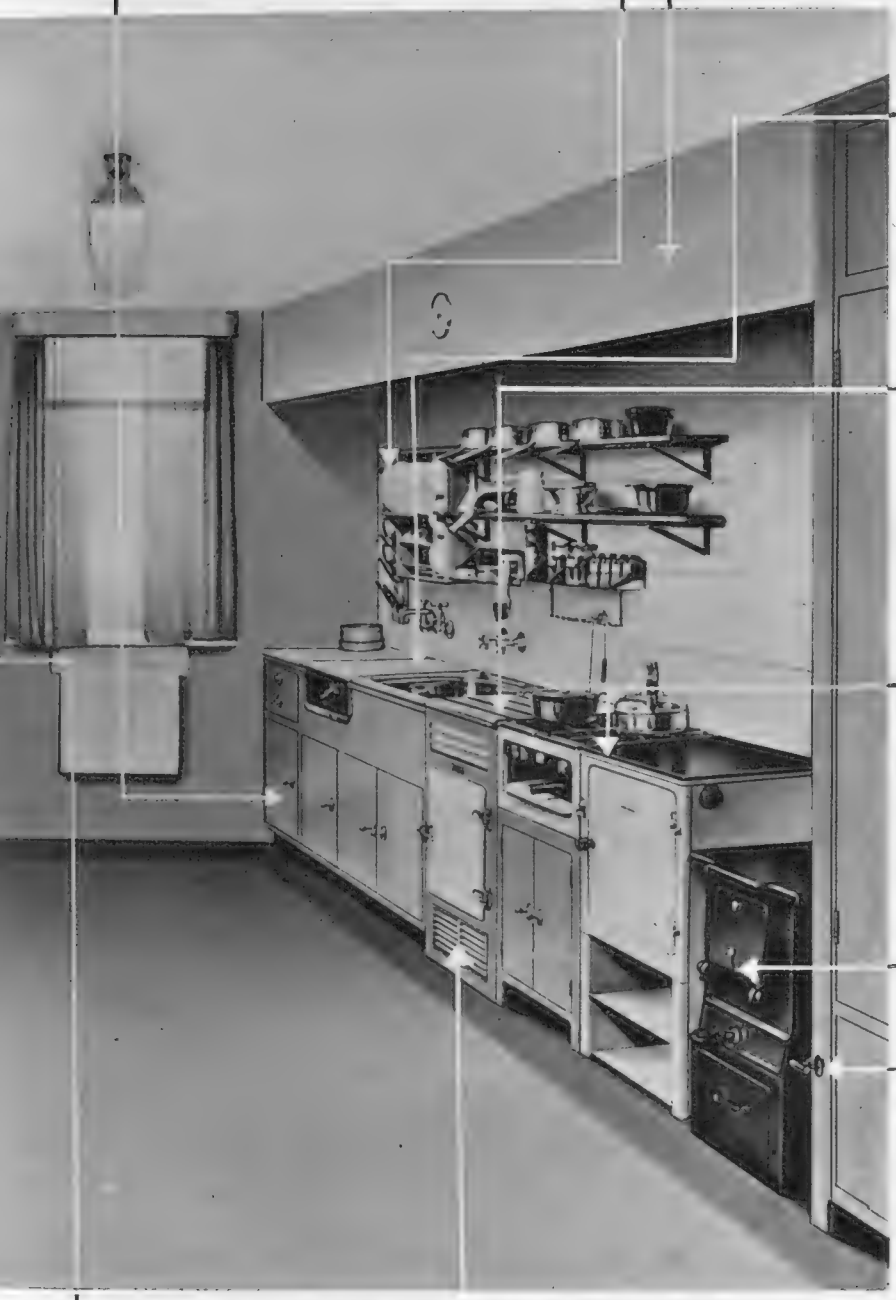
WINIFRED LEWIS.

GROCERIES CUPBOARD. Dry groceries, china and kitchenware are housed in this cupboard. Inside the doors of the low-level cupboard are fittings to hold small cooking utensils. The cool and spacious larder is close at hand, but cannot be seen in the picture.

THE KITCHEN YOU HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR, CRYSTALLISING ALL THE BRIGHT PROMISES OF THE HOME PLANNERS



CLEANING-CUPBOARD. Brooms, dusters, pans and cleaning materials are stored in this specially-designed cupboard, which is divided into two sections. One side is for cleaning materials and apparatus, and the other half for a portable ironing-board and other laundry apparatus.



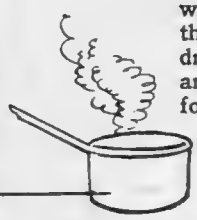
ODDMENTS CUPBOARD.
Built in under the sink and copper, which are side by side, is a useful cupboard for all the small extras which ordinarily have no specific parking-place and so are apt to clutter cupboard and drawer space needed for other things.

PLATE-RACK.
Plates and dishes drain here. The fitment continues in the form of shelves to hold pans and measuring-jugs. There is also a special rack for saucepan-lids.

VENTILATION HOOD.
Cooking, washing and heating apparatus are grouped at one continuous level along one side of the kitchen, under a ventilating hood which is connected to a flue. By this means steam and all odours are drawn out into the open air, leaving the kitchen cool and pleasant.

WASH-BOILER AND WRINGER.
Next to the stainless-steel sink is the wash-boiler, which has its own hot-and-cold mixer taps and a flat top, which, when closed down, provides another working surface near the sink. A wringer closes down inside when the washing is finished.

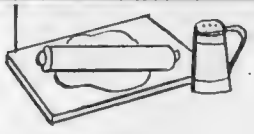
SINK AND DRAINING-BOARD.
A stainless-steel sink is a joy to work in and can be kept clean with the smallest effort. There is a good draining-board on the right of it, and useful cupboards underneath for cleaning materials and bowls.



GAS COOKER.
The Regulo New World cooker, in green enamel, has the hot-plate at the side of the oven, which is itself raised from the floor. Metal shelves underneath are for saucepans.

COKE BOILER.
The boiler, which is also finished in black vitreous enamel, thus reducing cleaning operations to a minimum, burns smokeless fuel and provides hot water to the kitchen and bathroom, as well as heating for the drying-cabinet and two radiators. A gas circulator is provided as a substitute in summer when the boiler is not in use.

DRYING-CABINET.
In the winter or in any wet weather at other times of year, when clothes cannot be dried outdoors, this cleverly-designed drying-cabinet will hold the entire family wash and save the discomfort of drying wet clothes indoors. Clothes can be hung at full length and woollens can be laid flat on sliding racks. The cabinet is heated from below by means of hot pipes, which are fed from the adjacent coke boiler.



WORKING TOP.
A cool, enamel working top is provided as an integral part of the fitted groceries cupboard. Pastry- and salad-making and other cooking tasks can be carried out on this cool slab, just a step from the sink and gas cooker.

REFRIGERATOR.
Built in compactly in a suitable position, next to the cooker and under the draining-board, this refrigerator is sufficiently spacious inside to hold perishable foods such as milk, meat and cooked food for a small family. The cost of maintenance is low.

LOW-NECKED CHARM

IN A SLICK SWEATER

MATERIALS

8 ozs. Lister's "Lavenda" 3-ply; a few odd wools for stripes; Nos. 11 and 12 needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins.; sleeve seam, 4 ins.; length, 21 ins.

TENSION

15 st. to 2 ins.

THE BACK

With No. 12 needles and main colour, cast on 98 st. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 3 ins. Change to No. 11 needles and stocking st. and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 6th row until there are 128 st. Work straight until side seams are 14 ins. from casting on. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 98 st. Work straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 6 st. at beg. of every row 10 times, leaving 38 st. Cast off.

THE FRONT

Work as back until it is time to decrease for armholes. Now k. 2 tog. on armhole edge on every row, and at same time work on half the st. only until there are 15 decreases made. Now work straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 6 st. at armhole edge on every other row 5 times, leaving 19 st. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES (Two alike)

With No. 12 needles, cast on 80 st. in main colour. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 1½ ins. Change to No. 11 needles and stocking st. and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 4 ins. from casting on. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 30 st. Cast off.

THE POCKET

Cast on 38 st. with No. 11 needles and main colour. Work stocking st. for 4½ ins. Cast off. Now work the striped edge as follows: using main colour, then changing every 2 rows to other colours to form stripes, cast on 14 st. and work 1 row k. on No. 12 needles.

2nd row.—P. 2 tog., p. to end of row, ending by working twice into last st.

(*Continued on page* 65)

IN A DRAW-STRING BLOUSE

MATERIALS

6 ozs. "La Laine" super 3-ply; No. 8 and No. 12 needles; one medium crochet-hook (No. 10); 3 yards of ribbon; elastic.

MEASUREMENTS

Length from shoulder to lower edge, 18½ ins.; across under-arms, 24 ins.; sleeve length from shoulder to lower edge, 11 ins.

TENSION

11 st. to 2 ins.

THE BACK

With No. 12 needles, cast on 133 st. Knit 2 rows plain knitting.

3rd row.—K. 3, * k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 2; repeat from * to end.

4th row.—Knit. Change to No. 8 needles pattern.

1st row.—K. 2, * m. 1, k. 3, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 3, m. 1, k. 1.; repeat from * to the last st., k. 1.

2nd, 4th and 6th rows.—Purl.

3rd row.—K. 3, * m. 1, k. 2, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 2, m. 1, k. 3; repeat from * to end.

5th row.—K. 1, k. 2 tog., * m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 1, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 1, m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o.; repeat from * ending k. 2 tog., k. 1 (instead of sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o.). These 6 rows form pattern. Work until 11½ ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 5 st. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Now dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 113 st. remain. Work 6 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Work 43 st., cast off 27 st., work 43 st. Work on the last set of 43 st. for 1 in., at the same time decreasing by casting off 5 st. at the beg. of the first 4 neck-end rows.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 st. at the beg. of the next armhole-end row. Work back to armhole, cast off 13 st. Return to the first set of 43 st. Work to correspond.

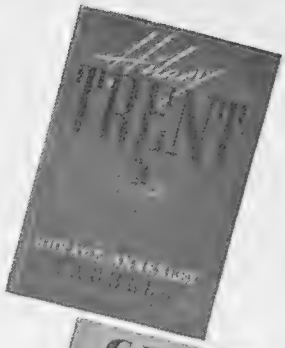
(*Continued on page* 65)

NOBLE FAMILY

MR. BERNARD FALK has a sensitive nose for skeletons in family cupboards. In "**The Berkeleys of Berkeley Square**" (Hutchinson, 18s.) he writes of the later eighteenth-century breed: "They were a tawdry company of lotus-eaters, conspicuous only by reason of their reckless follies and grotesque morals." Lady Craven, the most notorious, set her cap at the ugly Margrave of Anspach, calling herself his "adopted sister," though he already had a mistress—the French actress, Mlle Clairon—whom he called his adopted *maman*. Hearing her husband was dying, she observed, "I am told the ogre is declining," and a month after his death, married the Margrave, which induced Walpole to say that she heard of her husband's death on a Friday, went into weeds on a Saturday, and into white satin and diamonds on a Sunday.

Her brother, the 5th Earl, had six children by a butcher's daughter before marrying her, six after, and created endless legal trouble by forging a parish register entry to regulate the matter. But that was nothing to the first Earl Ferrers, quoted as the father of twenty-seven legitimate children—seventeen by his first wife, ten by his second—besides some thirty by various mistresses.

Do not imagine that Berkeleys have not served the State, Crown, and armed forces nobly. Mr. Falk likes to make his biographies interesting—that's all. This one is absorbingly—even mercilessly—interesting. He has heard wilier birds than nightingales singing in Berkeley Square.



BY STEPHEN BONSAL
UNFINISHED BUSINESS
INTRODUCTION BY WILSON HARRIS
A private diary of the 1919 PEACE CONFERENCE kept by President Wilson's confidential interpreter and now made public for the first time

Books:

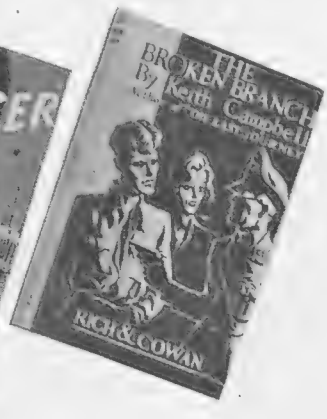
Reviewed by Trevor Allen

IT would be nice to imagine that statesmen at peace conferences were Olympians above pettiness and prejudice. Diarists like Mr. Harold Nicolson and Lord Riddell have induced us to think otherwise; and now comes "**Unfinished Business**" (Michael Joseph, 18s.), the diary of Col. Stephen Bonsal, interpreter for President Wilson and Col. House at the League Commission. "One might assume," he writes, "that with all his tremendous responsibilities the President would not find time for the petty attitudes and gestures which disfigure his character as they do, I fear, so many great men. But, unfortunately . . . he takes every opportunity of sowing ill feeling between House and Lansing, and they deserve great credit in refusing to participate in a personal feud, which the President apparently seeks to provoke." Perhaps Colonel Bonsal was not above pettiness himself when he adjudged F.M. Sir Henry Wilson, who worked on the military part of the treaty, "a wordy and pompous ass;" but he does give a vivid inside picture of that peace party at which too many cooks with too many pet recipes spoilt the broth, and we may agree with Mr. Wilson Harris, who was also there, that this record of 1919 is the "stuff of history" and "may well serve to clarify and abbreviate the argument of 1945 or 1946."

AFTER hothouse Versailles, give me the Fenimore Cooper-Buffalo Bill Wild West in the Roaring 'Forties, with buffalo hunts and Injuns in war-paint! Francis Parkman, fresh from Harvard, was twenty-three when he set out for Wyoming and the Bad Lands east of the Rockies, and back by the Santa Fé trail, living with a wandering tribe of Sioux *en route* and studying their daily life. His "**The Oregon Trail**" (Oxford University Press 8s. 6d.) is a classic of prairie and Rocky Mountain days in a new world of discovery and adventure before railways came. Youth will love it, and age rediscover youth in its stirring pages.

WHILE Colonel Bonsal takes us inside a peace conference, four novels this month take us inside the theatre, music hall, B.B.C., and concert world. Miss Pamela Hansford Johnson's "**The Trojan Brothers**" (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.) is the story of Sid Nichols, the hind legs of a pantomime horse. He thinks only of his act, his dead wife, and his ageing mother until cousin Betty Todd, with her vulgar husband and parties, impinges on his life and heads it for tragedy. The bustle of the variety stage, and its breezy jargon, give Miss Johnson a fantastic, macabre theme which she handles adroitly.

IF you are young and stage-struck in the States you evidently do a twelve-weeks' season in village repertory as a preliminary to the high lights of Broadway, and hope for the best. Your theatre will be a barn, and as apprentices from some drama school you will sleep four to a room, tell each other you have "an awful lot of talent," poke fun at the guest star, put up with (*Continued on page 67*)



Ossulston L.C.C. Block Dwellings Estate, St. Pancras

Flats or Houses?

A Controversial Issue In The Scheme For Replanning London

By WILMA BUCKLEY

ELABORATE proposals for the replanning of London are well under way, although many details have not, as yet, been officially settled

Since these proposals include such sweeping gestures as the widening of roads to obviate traffic congestion and the creation of open spaces to provide playgrounds for children and pleasaunces for adults, it is obvious that there will be even less housing space available—in districts that are already overcrowded—than there is to-day. Now there are two ways of getting over this difficulty. The least desirable is to remove large clusters of the city-dwelling population into outer areas, forming a ring of satellite towns round the parent town where the day's work is done. This means morning and evening travel, with resultant expense and fatigue; it also means that the town devours more and more of what used to be country.

The better measure is the space-saving one of flat dwelling, housing a greater number of people in the least space. Let us take the case in favour of flats—lots of them will have to be lived in; there is much to be said for them; and one might as well look on the bright side! Old-fashioned, bathroomless, comfortless tenements will be replaced by multi-storied blocks of flats of the most modern type. These (and I am not talking about so-called "luxury flats" but of homes for workers) will all have lifts, bathrooms, central heating, and a supply of constant hot-water, built-in cupboards and well-equipped kitchens, not to mention a very necessary insulation against noise—a detail obviously overlooked by most of the architects and builders of London's highly priced West End flats. Even the garbage-disposal problem may be settled in a manner that will dispense with dust-and-refuse bins and all their attendant discomfort: a trap-door in the kitchen, leading into a chute, down which all rubbish is shot into the boiler-house, where it is not only consumed but helps to feed the hot-water supply. This device has been successfully tried out in a Leeds housing-centre.

Clapham Park L.C.C. Block Dwellings Estate, Wandsworth

These large blocks will be orientated north and south, wherever practicable, to get as much light and air as possible; placed in pleasant gardens with tennis courts and space for individual allotments ("digging for Victory" having set a valuable precedent). Flat roof-tops will provide the amenities of roof gardens, with the possibility of sun-bathing and deck-chaired leisure. The County of London housing plans show blocks of such flats attractively grouped with terraced houses, arranged in tree-shaded squares and streets, to break up those monotonous lines—row upon row of uniform houses—that are such a drab feature of many London districts.

The English character, with its strong feeling for individuality and love of privacy, does not take easily to the flat-dwelling principle. Houses, providing their own plot of (*Continued on page 64*)

A View of Downham L.C.C. Cottage Estate, Lewisham

A dream hat in pliant, mushroom felt, with a pleated, folded crown, a flight of speckled birds to the side, a froth of brown veiling. From HUGH BERESFORD'S early Spring collection

A continuous, cascading flounce, coming from all-over cross tucking, gives character and movement to a black crepe dress. RIMA

Formal, black woollen suit, with the new, dressy look, enriched by black fringes and three glowing buttons. DERETA

All seasons top coat in deep, parma violet woollen, showing interesting detail of waist cut, unusual pockets, well placed seaming, double buttons. WINDSMOOR

DRESS:
BY JEAN BURNUP
Editor Women's Department
Further details of these clothes on application

STEWS

A SPECIAL DINNER

POTAGE GAULOISE

Cut 1 large carrot and 1 large leek into thin slices; lightly brown them in 2 oz. of margarine, then stir in 1 oz. of flour and, finally, 3 pints of vegetable stock. Transfer to a saucepan and simmer for 1 hour with 1 lb. of potatoes, 1 onion, and a teaspoonful of chopped herbs. Season, strain, and serve with squares of cheese.

SURPRISE CHOPS

The chops must be at least 1 in. thick. Cut them through horizontally as far as the bone and fill with the following: equal parts of chopped onion, sausage meat, and minced bacon, fried with a little chopped parsley. Egg and breadcrumb the chops after having pressed the two halves firmly together; bake in lard in a medium oven for 1 hour, turning at half-time. Serve with mashed potatoes and a brown onion sauce.

ORANGE PUDDING

Mince 4 oz. of suet and mix well with 4 oz. of breadcrumbs and 2 oz. of sugar. Reconstitute 2 eggs with milk, beat, add a few drops of lemon essence and 2 tablespoonfuls of marmalade. Grease a mould, put in the mixture, tie with a cloth, and steam for 3 hours.

LISBON TOAST

Keeping the oil separately, skin and bone the contents of 1 tin of sardines; pound with 1 dessertspoonful of cream margarine and the oil. Then add 1 teaspoonful of anchovy essence and 1 of Worcester sauce. Stir well. Arrange on thin, crustless toast and serve immediately.

How To Get The Best Out Of

SOUFFLÉS

Reconstitute with milk instead of water, or, in the case of vegetable soufflé, with the water in which the vegetables have been cooked.

POTATO SOUFFLÉ

Bake 1½ lb. of potatoes in the oven; when ready, scoop out, and mix the mash with salt, pepper, 2 oz. of margarine and 2 eggs, reconstituted with milk and well beaten up. Add 1 tablespoonful of grated cheese and, if available, chopped ham or bacon. Bake in a medium oven for 25 minutes.

CAKES

Reconstitute with milk flavoured with any essence you like and whisk for at least 5 minutes before using. Recipes in which fat is used turn out better than those without when dried eggs replace fresh.

COTTAGE CAKE

Rub 2 oz. of margarine in 4 oz. of sieved flour; grease, and dust with flour, a cake tin. Stand a mixing bowl in very hot water and into this bowl strain 3 eggs reconstituted with milk; whisk for 5 minutes with 1 teaspoonful of vanilla essence, then add 4 oz. of sugar and whisk for 5 minutes more. Add the flour, stir, fill the tin, and bake for 50 to 60 minutes in a low oven.

SAXON CURRANT LOAF

Cream 1 oz. of yeast with 1 teaspoonful of sugar, add ½ gill of tepid milk and strain into ½ lb. of sieved flour, mixing to a stiff dough. (Add a little milk if necessary.) Leave for 1 hour in a warm place, covered with a cloth.

Cream 4 oz. of margarine with 2 oz. of sugar, then add, one by one, 3 eggs, reconstituted with milk. Finally add 2 drops of rum essence, 1 teaspoonful of vanilla essence and 2 oz. of

And So On

The secrets of successful stew-making are slow cooking and careful thickening

EMERGENCY BEEF

Peel ½ lb. of onions and cook them in 1 pint of strong meat stock (cubes) for 40 minutes, by which time they should be reduced to a pulp. Melt 1 oz. of margarine, stir in 1 teaspoonful of mustard and 1 oz. of flour; add the onions and the liquid. Bring to the boil, stirring all the time, add salt and pepper to taste, and let simmer for 10 minutes. Cut as many thin slices off your joint of beef as you think you can spare, fry 4 rashers of bacon, and cover the bottom of a fire-proof dish with sauce. Fill with alternate layers of beef, sauce, and bacon, the last layer being of sauce, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, and leave in a hot oven for 10 minutes. Serve with mashed potatoes.

CORNISH HOT-POT

Prepare 1 cupful of each of the following vegetables: leeks cut into thick rounds; potatoes, diced; celery hearts and carrots cut into long strips. Place in a saucepan with 1 lb. of rock salmon or other appropriate fish, cover with water and let simmer for 30 minutes. Strain, and thicken the liquid with a roux. Season to taste, and pour over the vegetables and fish after having removed the bone and skin from the latter. Let simmer a further 10 minutes before serving.

RABBIT RAGOUT

Cut a rabbit into portions, and sprinkle each piece with salt, pepper, and mustard; fry over a low fire for 15 to 20 minutes, turning each piece several times. Scrape, peel and dice 1 cupful of carrots, 1 of onions, and 2 of potatoes cut into quarters. Sprinkle 1 tablespoonful of flour over the rabbit, and when absorbed by the fat, remove all to a saucepan, add the vegetables, cover with stock (made by boiling the parts of the rabbit you don't use) and let simmer for 30 to 40 minutes.

LABOURER'S CASSEROLE

Using any meat you have, but preferably mutton, slice thinly and fill a deep fire-proof dish with alternate layers of sliced, raw potatoes, onion rings, and the meat; the last layer being of potatoes. Pour over 1 cupful of stock and smear over 1 oz. of lard. Cover with a lid, and bake for 2 hours in a moderate to low oven.

BOSTON STEW

Soak 12 oz. of haricot beans overnight; change the water, and bring slowly to the boil. When boiling, strain, add fresh, *boiling* water, put a lid on, and let simmer for 1 hour. Fry 2 large onions, sliced, until brown, add 4 oz. of diced, fat bacon and any odd pieces of pork you may have, cut into small pieces. Mix well with the onions and add to the beans. Let simmer for another ½ hour, add salt and pepper to taste, and, if available, 1 large teaspoonful of tomato purée.

If the stew gets too sticky during cooking, add just enough water to moisten.

OFF THE RATION STEW (Liver, kidneys, brain, or tongue)

Cut the meat into mouthful size, roll each in flour and put them to brown in a frying-pan with margarine and sliced onions. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, stir into the fat 1 oz. of flour, and pour over 1½ cupfuls of milk. Let simmer for 20 minutes. Sprinkle with parsley before serving with plain rice.

PORK EN CASSEROLE

Mix any remaining pork cut into small squares with the same quantity of cooked celery hearts and the same quantity of cooked onions.

Cover with a white sauce, add salt and pepper to taste and sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake until nicely brown.

By HARRIET MUIR

DRIED EGGS

sultanas or currants. Mix with the dough, kneading well. Butter a deep cake mould, fill with the mixture, leave for another 30 minutes in a warm place, and bake until golden brown in a medium oven.

OMELETS, SCRAMBLED EGGS

The dish will be very much improved if the eggs are reconstituted with a strong-flavoured liquid such as Oxo, tomato juice, milk and grated cheese mixed.

CURRIED EGGS

For each egg allow 1 tablespoonful of breadcrumbs, a pinch of salt, 3 tablespoonfuls of milk and 1 teaspoonful of curry powder. Blend all together and proceed as for scrambled eggs.

RISSOLES, MEAT, VEGETABLE CAKES

Mix the eggs *dry* into the mixture and moisten with milk only if necessary.

CABBAGE RISSOLES

Boil, for 20 minutes, 1 lb. of cabbage heart; drain thoroughly, pass through the mincer, and mix with salt, pepper, 2 tablespoonfuls of flour, and 2 eggs (dry). Drop teaspoonfuls of the mixture into boiling fat, flatten with a knife and brown on both sides. Serve immediately.

BISCUITS

Mix the eggs *dry* to the other other ingredients, and add a few drops of some flavouring as camouflage.

SPANISH BREAD

Mix thoroughly 4 tablespoonfuls of flour with 4 eggs (dry) and 4 dessertspoonfuls of sugar; moisten with a very little milk, flavoured with almond essence, until a soft dough is obtained. Roll out on a floured board, cut into squares, and bake in a low oven, on a greased tin, for 15 minutes.

Cottage Cake

Spanish Bread

New Year Revolution

The Wheel of Time goes round, bringing another New Year and the realization that new resolutions must wait until old ones have been fulfilled. Let this year's resolve be to bring constructive action to old problems and to dispose finally of old failures

ACTION A worth-while resolve for the coming year is to grapple with all difficulties as they arise. Decide to take courageous and immediate action in personal and social problems, and, in this way, to prevent small troubles from growing into big ones.

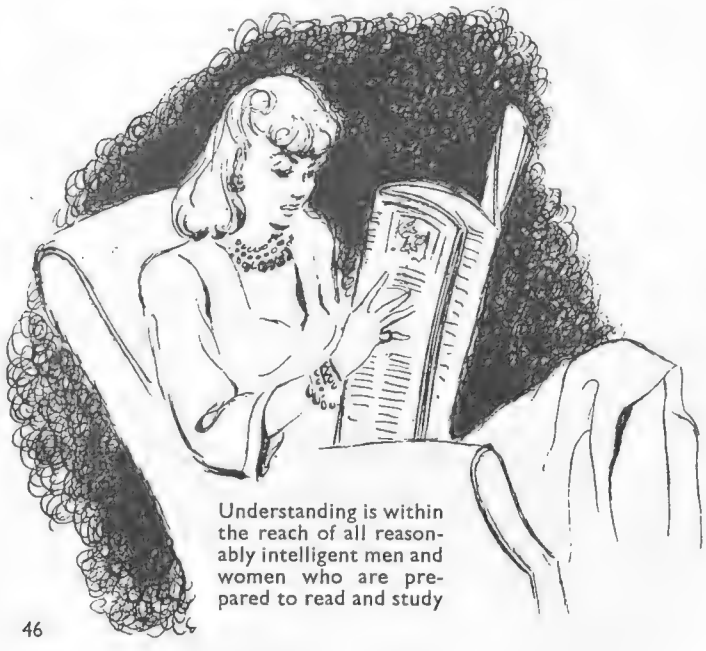
The tendency to let things slide is common to most of us. It seems easy at the time to side-step embarrassing or difficult situations, but it is wrong. Merely hoping that things will right themselves, that time will dissolve the problems, is equivalent to neglecting a slight infection until it has become a serious complaint.

Supposing you are dissatisfied with some aspect of your work. You dwell upon it. You discuss it with your friends. Gradually it impairs your efficiency and undermines your happiness. Finally, even though it may be a small thing, it becomes a major preoccupation.

On the other hand, by quick constructive action, it might easily be disposed of. Why not discuss the problem frankly with your boss? By taking him into your confidence, with cards on the table, you find an outlet for your resentment and a possible solution of your difficulties. If you are fallen out with a friend or relation, go to the root of the trouble with bold, quick action.

Many worries can be cleared up by facing problems in this way. By confessing your own fault and errors of judgment as freely as you criticize other people's, then act, not without thought, but discriminately and in good time.

ACHIEVEMENT We have all wished, at some time, to take a more personal part in shaping those improvements and reforms which will, we hope, protect us in the future from a repetition of the suffering and misery of war and from the muddle and frustration which has led to it.



Understanding is within the reach of all reasonably intelligent men and women who are prepared to read and study

But always, for some reason, we relax. We give way to defeatism and inertia. By underrating our ability to take a part in the world's affairs we go on talking, talking, but leaving action to others.

"I don't understand politics or finance," you say. "What power have I to change things?"

But power can only be acquired through understanding, and understanding is within the reach of all reasonably intelligent men and women who are prepared to read and study and discuss the world's problems and to *act*, in however humble and remote a way.

Resolve this New Year to keep young

Movements are developing everywhere in towns, cities, country villages. They are for you to get into. They are designed to improve your understanding and to confer the power of united action upon the many people who, through inactivity and defeatism, have in the past had an insufficient part in shaping things to come.

KEEPING YOUNG Five years of war, five lost years, have brought the realization of approaching age to many women. Resolve this New Year to keep young.

The first step to feeling and looking youthful is to banish the fear of age. In the physical sense, one must work to preserve the outward appearances of youth, but these are not all-important. Youth comes from within and lives in the intellect.

Care for the figure, by all means. Cosset it with exercise and sleep and a healthy, sensible routine. Nourish the skin with daily care, and in every way watch those points of health which are so important to vitality. When these obvious and sensible precautions about approaching age are taken care of, forget the matter and concentrate on those interests and activities which, more than anything, will help to keep the mind alert and vital.

A great danger of approaching age is mental and physical inertia. There is a growing tendency to take less trouble; to stay at home because it is too much trouble to go out. Weariness, both mental and physical, increases with every year, but it can be staved off indefinitely.

Age has many compensations. It brings poise and confidence which, in themselves, can be matched with some of the departing qualities of youth. The years take away, but they give generously in return.

Pomeroy serves Beauty

"Is she not more than painting can express
Or youthful poets fancy when they love."
Nicholas Rowe.

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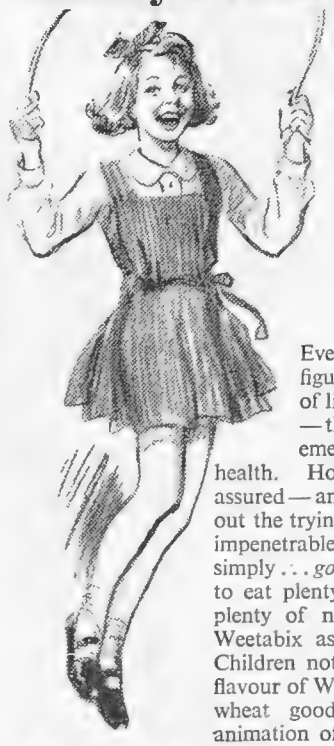
DATHOS · POWDER · LIPSTICK · SAFADA HAND LOTION *Prices from 3/6 to 16/6*

'Tuesday's child is full of grace'



Monday's child is fair of face
Tuesday's child is full of grace
Wednesday's child is full of woe
Thursday's child has far to go
Friday's child is loving and giving
Saturday's child works hard for his living.
But the child that is born on the Sabbath day
Is bonny and blithe and good and gay.

Every line of her lissome and lovely figure is vibrant with the sheer joy of living! Such energy and happiness — the birthright of *all* children — emerge naturally from normal good health. How can this priceless boon be assured — and how safeguarded throughout the trying months of winter? No deep, impenetrable mystery here! The answer is simply . . . *good nutrition.* Encourage children to eat plenty of what they most enjoy . . . plenty of nourishing food . . . as much Weetabix as you can get and give them! Children not only relish the crunchy, nutty flavour of Weetabix, but gain from its wholewheat goodness the sparkling eyes and animation of healthy and happy childhood.

Weetabix

MORE than a Breakfast Food

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PHILLIPS RUBBERS LAST LONGEST

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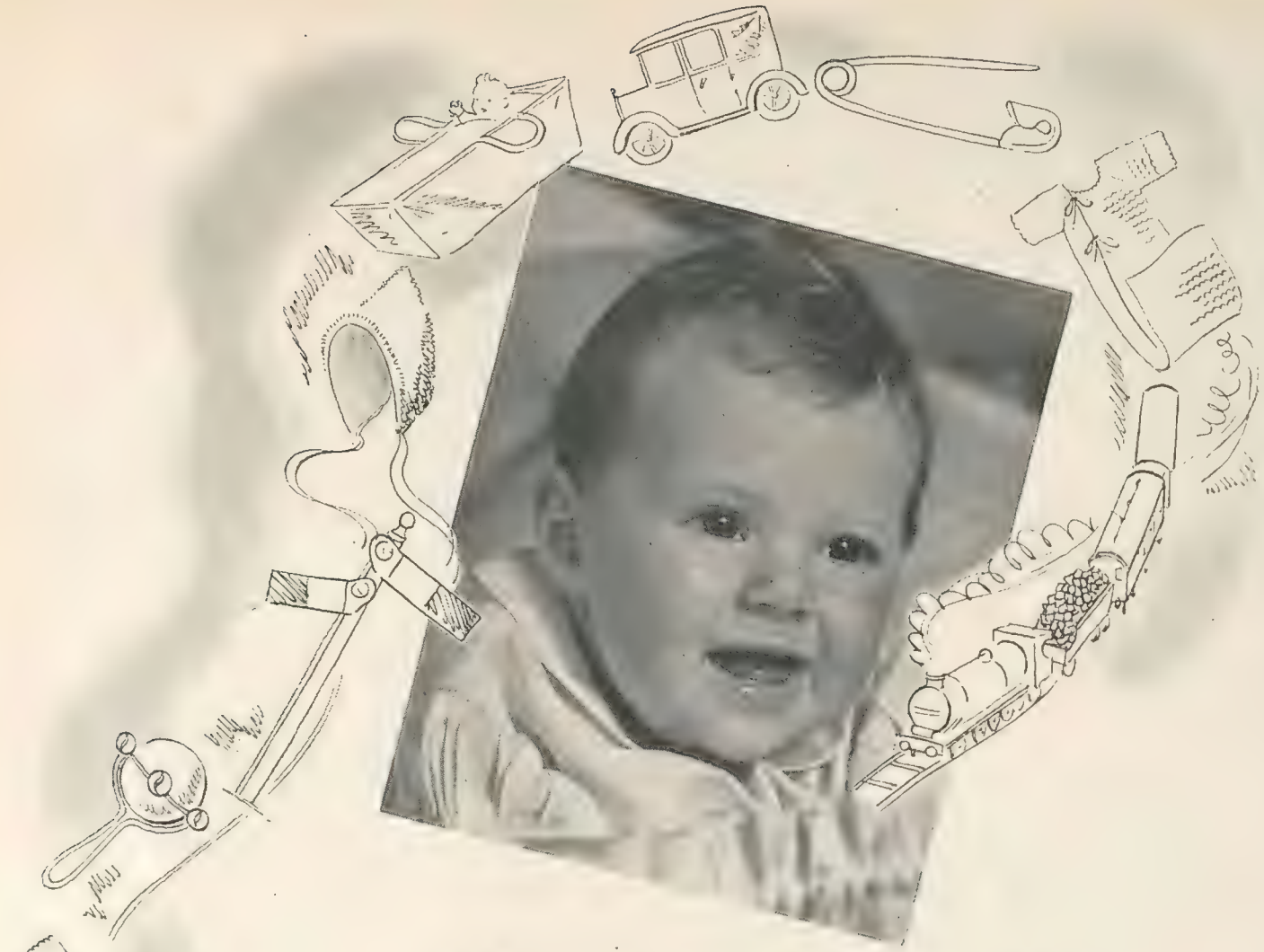


Baby On The Move

ONE doesn't travel for choice with a young baby in war and in winter, but in these unpredictable times it sometimes has to be.

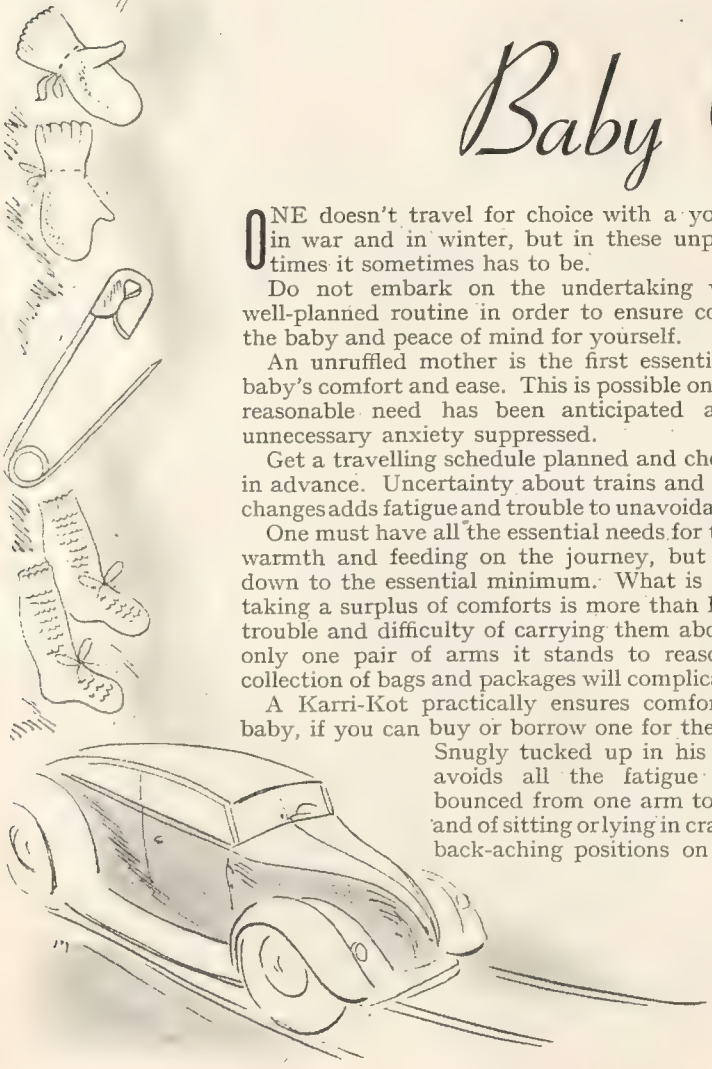
Do not embark on the undertaking without a well-planned routine in order to ensure comfort for the baby and peace of mind for yourself.

An unruffled mother is the first essential for the baby's comfort and ease. This is possible only if every reasonable need has been anticipated and every unnecessary anxiety suppressed.

Get a travelling schedule planned and checked well in advance. Uncertainty about trains and times and changes adds fatigue and trouble to unavoidable strain.

One must have all the essential needs for the baby's warmth and feeding on the journey, but cut these down to the essential minimum. What is gained by taking a surplus of comforts is more than lost in the trouble and difficulty of carrying them about. With only one pair of arms it stands to reason that a collection of bags and packages will complicate travel.

A Karri-Kot practically ensures comfort for the baby, if you can buy or borrow one for the occasion.



Snugly tucked up in his cot, baby avoids all the fatigue of being bounced from one arm to the other and of sitting or lying in cramped and back-aching positions on your lap.

Dress him warmly, but don't be tempted to swaddle him so thickly in clothes that his movements are restricted. A tight bundle of clothing may well make him colder rather than warmer.

The same applies to nappies. An extra nappie for travelling is a wise precaution, but if he is pinned up too tightly for hours together he will get fidgety and chafed.

Put the child on his pot immediately before the journey starts. Hold him out at intervals during the day whenever the opportunity arises. This saves him the discomfort of wet nappies and spares you the extra bulk of carrying clean, dry ones in the hand luggage.

A sponge bag in the hand luggage will allow you to wash his face and hands during the journey. This is not so much for appearance as to freshen him and keep him feeling normal.

Feeding at the normal times is important. A vacuum flask solves the problem of hot feeds. Prepare the food at the temperature at which it is usually given and pour it into the flask just before starting. If the baby is on a prepared milk diet it can be transferred at feeding time to the bottle. If he is older and taking more substantial food, a thin preparation of hot cereal or even sieved potato and gravy can be carried in the flask and fed to him at the right time with a cup and spoon.

In any case, there is no need for anxiety if baby eats a little differently for just one day. So long as he is warm and able to sleep, travelling can do him no harm. In any case he will certainly take his cue from you. If you take the whole thing in your stride without getting flustered, the chances are high that he will prove himself a model traveller.

Louisa Kay

JAEGER

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EXITS AND ENTRANCES

She looks forward with confidence to the peace she's so well earned, to those little extra pleasures, those little extra luxuries war, of necessity, denies.

Peace, we promise, will bring back a choice of styles fascinating in range! Plus, of course, that feature without which no VANI-TRED shoe has ever been made, even in war-time. That hidden feature, unique to VANI-TRED, which by distributing the weight of the body over the whole tread area of the foot (instead of on two points) gives a comfort which has to be felt to be believed!

VANI-TRED

Balanced Walking Shoes

VANI-TRED SHOES 17-18 OLD BOND STREET W.1. (WHOLESALE ONLY)

Post-War Banning

By A Housewife

"I want shops to sell me better cakes and jams"

WHEN those rosy post-war plans which now occupy the attention of our leaders actually come into being, I want to add to them a few simple but direct post-war bans.

The first is a pre-war habit which will do its best to return the moment hostilities cease: that is, worrying about trifles. I am going to try to keep a sense of proportion about the vital things which matter and the trifles which do not.

Next I want to ban the wartime infiltrators on our time and energies, all the little things that we left to others before 1939—jam-making, cake-making, using up the last green tomatoes in chutney, putting orange skins in pseudo-marmalade, contriving clever sweets out of household milk and scraps.

Of course, now that I have the taste of home-made cakes, home-made jams, pickles and things, I want co-operation from outside. I want shops to sell me better cakes and jams and tit-bits from home-made recipes and ingredients.

Another thief of time and energy has been patching, mending, reknitting, altering, making down for the children. It was the right thing in war, but after, I want prices to be reasonable so that I need not spend endless hours doing all these chores.

I do not want my worn clothes to be wasted, of course; so I think there should be large centres all over the land where old clothes, boots, hats, linen and so on can be sent, to be redistributed to those countries and homes which need them.

In the family circle, I want to ban all worrying responsibilities which are outside my personal duty, those things which can be as efficiently done by others. Here, again, outside co-operation is needed. At the schools, I want an up-to-the-minute medical service, to give children a thorough overhaul every few months. I want good midday meals for day scholars, better education at cheaper fees, the knowledge that I need not fear that bogey "cash for the children's education."

I want to ban holidays-at-home. No doubt I shall want to take the children on holiday with me, but in case I feel like going away with my husband alone for a real rest, or a more adventurous vacation which would not be suitable for children, there must be reliable and well-run nursery holiday camps at which they could be left without a qualm.

There should be large centres where old clothes, boots, hats, linen and so on can be sent, to be redistributed

I want to ban the only-child family, but this means banning the apprehensions about the post-natal period when I am dragged to my feet because I don't happen to have a mother or efficient close-relative on the spot. Temporary nurse-help should be guaranteed, and an expansion of the wartime nurseries would greatly help here.

I want to ban trying to do washing at home in a house that has no copper. Inexpensive yet good laundry services wanted, please.

I could ban vegetable gardening and go in for flowers again if we had a local market square to supply me with vegetables and salads as fresh as I am now accustomed to eating.

I want to ban pre-war silk stockings that could only be worn twice before laddering, but I also want to ban cotton, lisle and rayon hose. We've had enough of them, in their wartime standards, at any rate.

I do not want to ban the interest that we housewives now take in world affairs, home affairs and the future. That must stay.

Portrait of a Petty Officer

Tattoo! . . . the flowerlike, satin-smooth loveliness that stays softly fresh and fragrant. Glamorous, enchanting!

TATTOO FACE POWDER

Nude, Flesh, Brunette or Native:
Large Box 4/1½d. (inc. tax): Small 1/3d. (inc. tax)

"In the present state of medical knowledge..."

The wise doctor of today is no "medicine man": he readily admits that medical science has a lot to learn about nerves and nerve strain. But whatever new discoveries the future may hold, one truth is unassailable: nerves need adequate supplies of organic phosphorus and protein. In other words they need 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic, for only in 'Sanatogen' can be found organic phosphorus and protein in chemical combination.

'SANATOGEN'
Regd. Trade Mark

NERVE TONIC

In one size only during war time—
6/6d. (including Purchase Tax).

A 'Genatosan' Product.

The Real Princess

HANS Andersen wrote a very charming little fairy tale about The Real Princess who slept so very badly because there was a pea hidden under her bedding!

Many of us are just as fastidious about our bedding—and for them we are now planning post-war "MODERNA" Blankets.

They are to be lovelier even than pre-war. Softest lamb's wool in the newest of pastel shades: unshrinkable and free from that new-blanket smell! They really will be "The Blanket of your Dreams."

MODERNA

Blankets for Post-War Homes

(*Supplied only through Retail Stores*)

THOMAS RATCLIFFE & CO. LTD.
MYTHOLMROYD, YORKS.

Here's Food!

● Food fresh from the factory . . . ready to serve straight from the packet . . . made from the whole-wheat grain . . . bringing you nourishment and sustenance and forming a good foundation for to-day's war-time meals. *If you live in a zoned area where it can be bought*, get this good food and put it on your table at all meal-times.

8d. PER PACKET (3 POINTS)

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SHREDDED WHEAT

Made by The Shredded Wheat Co. Ltd., WELwyn GARden City, Hertfordshire

Tempelhof Picnic

(*Continued from page 12*)

and the centaur-like Carlos leaping after her through the shallow shore water. He felt no jealousy. Anna was a clever artiste and she had been his star for two years, but already the younger ones were showing signs of great talent. There was Trudi, for instance; he had picked her up as a *gamine* in Budapest, but already she was showing unusual ability. And there was Kadey. But Kadey could not scheme and work for her own ends like Trudi. Kadey was exquisite on the stage in her ballet scenes; off stage, she was like a beautiful piece of Dresden china but in some curious way just as lifeless. She seemed only to come to life in her dancing. For a star one needed the spilling vitality of a child like Trudi. There they were, running to the edge of the forest across the grass; Kadey of the white skin and flaxen hair, unbelievably fair, unbelievably graceful; Trudi of the satin brown skin, black tumbling hair, as lively as a bundle of springs.

Mario watched them coming as he leaned on his elbow.

"Here they come, two who wait for you to decide. . . . Kadey who waits for everything to come to her . . . and it does. . . . Trudi who wants everything and believes she will get nothing unless she schemes for it. Both of them want you. . . . It is too hard for me to help you on such a hot afternoon, and Zenobia will be waiting for me to comb her hair after she has finished swimming. I bid you adieu. It is much easier with one."

Peter looked up as Mario went, expecting to see both Trudi and Kadey. But there was only Kadey. Trudi had run back to Herr Direktor in the summer house. Trudi never did anything without reason, and Peter wondered what it was. He smiled at Kadey as she sat by his side, and Kadey smiled at him. She was, he realized as he looked at her, beautiful with a doll-like beauty. A month ago he had been helplessly in love with her. She had some quality which belonged to her own Austrian mountains in the springtime, a flowerlike quality, as her own Alpine meadows were covered with flowers, and yet with a cool aloofness from life like the snow-capped peaks above her village. Unlike most of the other members of the Revue, she could speak only one language, German; Peter's German was still stilted and so their conversation had been across the barrier of language as well as the barrier of her mind, a gentle mind, utterly innocent of any thought beyond her own acts on the stage and completely content within her own limitations. It needed a flame to light her to life, and his love had not stirred a flicker except to deepen the placid stillness of her off-stage serenity. Kadey and Yogi would sit for hours together, neither saying anything, both apparently possessing an inner stillness, one the inner stillness of great wisdom and the other at the opposite extreme of innocence and childlikeness. If Peter could have lived with an exquisitely beautiful picture, Kadey would have been perfect; Peter had been content until Trudi with her impish vitality had stirred him with a vague undercurrent of restlessness. But for a mood of this hot afternoon with the air soft like a benison and the faint coolness of the forest drifting out in the shadows, it was pleasant to sit and look at Kadey without feeling any necessity to speak. Kadey was a star although she was only seventeen. Who knew how she might develop in the next few years? Peter's hand reached out to Kadey, the first sign of love since the coolness that had come between them at Hamburg.

But Peter was reckoning, as always, without Trudi. Kadey's hand had moved to meet his when Trudi came running to them. With a burst of laughter she jumped on Peter, sitting across his open shirt with her cold, wet swimming suit. She rolled off before his gasp of shock could transform into action.

"Kadey," she said, "Herr Direktor wants you. He wants you to sit with him. He has a new act he is thinking of for you."

Kadey seemed to hesitate, not with any suspicion of Trudi, but because she wanted to stay with Peter.

"Quick," said Trudi. "Go! He is waiting and the director of the theatre he likes to see you in your swimming suit. He says you are beautiful on the stage, but he did not know how beautiful until he sees you in a swimming suit like that with two pieces and many, many flowers." She looked at Peter. "He thinks I am beautiful, too, but on the stage I have no swimming suit, he says."

She threw back her head to swing her black hair from her face, and she laughed and plucked a blade of grass and, chewing it, she leaned on her elbow very near to Peter.

Kadey, always obedient to someone very definite, was on her feet. "Go," said Trudi. "And do not be long," she lied, knowing that Kadey would not know how to extricate herself from the company in the summer house.

"There!" said Trudi looking close into Peter's eyes. "You do not swim?"

"Soon," said Peter. "Everything in good time."

"No, no! If you wait it will be too late."

She smiled as Peter stared back into her eyes. His eyes seemed to tell her that he knew very well she had arranged it to happen just like that, to let Kadey come for a moment, and then to manœuvre her away.

"No," said Trudi, moving the blade of grass with her teeth so that it tickled his nose. "You do not lov' her. You think I do not know, yes? But I know. You do not know your mind—it is uncertain, and when you do not know, then it is not lov'."

"I suppose you think I love you?"

She bent over quickly and kissed his cheek. "No, only I lov' you, but never, never will I let you see how much until you forget all other girls and remember only me. Sometimes you are like Kadey, very, very young and you have much to see before you know how lov' it bites right down in here." Trudi's hand patted her heart. "Then when you lov' down there it is for ever and ever."

She was laughing at him as she spoke, dark brown eyes, black hair, the cheek bones emphasized by the clean plane of the cheek to the chiselled jaw. It was a sculptor's face, thought Peter, with definite planes; and her body had the same quality of modelling. Everything about her, in contrast to Kadey, was definite, like her mind. Trudi knew well how she could make him suddenly uncertain of his own mind, and she was teasing him.

"I have asked Herr Direktor and he is going to make us an act together, Petaire. You like that, yes?"

"No."

Trudi laughed out loud. "You are so funny, Petaire."

She stared into his eyes suddenly serious. "Then when we have an act we will go to England, you and I; then maybe to America. That is good there, in America, plenty, plenty chance for good acts, and all the time you teach me speak English like American, and then, maybe, you and me, we go to Hollywood. Big, big chance there . . . you and me, Petaire. I help to you, because I know men very, very well."

Peter's eyes were steady on hers. "I don't want to go to Hollywood. I don't want to be managed by you."

"But, Petaire?"

"You make love sound like getting on a locomotive and being driven along a railway line to a terminus."

Trudi laughed and stroked his shirt where it was still wet from her swimming suit. "It is only because I want everything for you. If you want only lov'—Petaire, that would be wonderful, too—even I would give up being a star for that—with you. . . ."

Then her eyes were teasing him with laughter.

"Kadey is an angel," said Peter. "And you——"

Her hand stopped his mouth. "I know," she said. "It is because I cannot help it when I think of you. Some day I tell you. . . ."

But she didn't have any chance to tell him any more. Herr Direktor had looked at his watch and already it was time to eat again. Every one trooped up from the water and sleepers were dug from (*Continued on page 54*)

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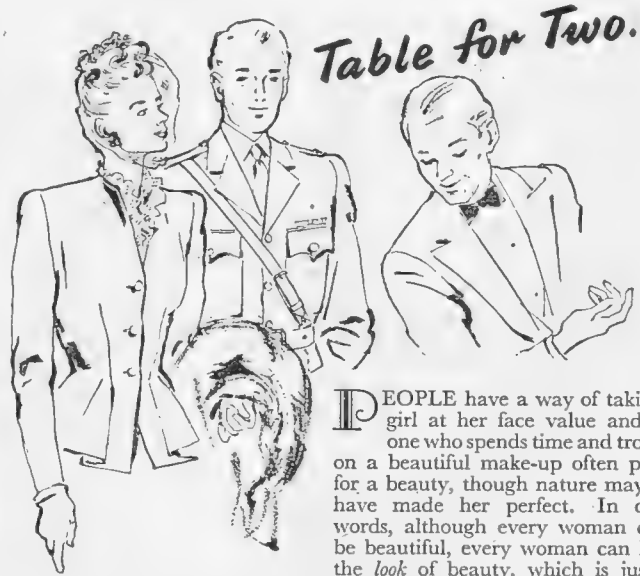

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the shade of the trees to sit down hungry as ever to afternoon coffee and cake, the best that the caterer from Berlin could produce. The girls were burned by the sun and every one was relaxed by the pervading peace of the forest. There was a dance floor in the open air and Arthur Murray, the organist of the company, still half-drunk, sat down at the piano with its few broken strings and gathered guitars and accordions around him and set off to a rhythm which crowded the floor with dancers.

The sun began to dip below the trees, a coolness spilled from the forest, bringing with it the clean scent of pines. The dancing dwindled and the guitars and accordions began to play familiar songs and all the company gathered around in the dusk to sing together.

At last Herr Direktor looked at his watch and rose to his feet. It was time to go. He counted every member of his company and saw all of them safely on the buses before he climbed into his car and led the cavalcade back through the dark forest on its way back to Berlin and the evening show. This time the talk was muted and in every bus, tired lovers lay in one another's arms. It had been a happy day. In one bus Peter Hawkins sat close with two girls; Kadey's head was on

Tempelhof Picnic

his shoulder, she was fast asleep; Trudi was awake and so was Peter, and he was wondering how he could make a choice between two such extremes of life. But somehow there was no necessity to make a choice. There was no urgency, no problem at all. It had been a lovely day.

FLYING OFFICER PETER HAWKINS opened his eyes to find himself lying in a wicker chair on a terrace overlooking an English park. The sun was hot on his face and the cup of tea by his side had gone cool.

"What are you dreaming about?" asked the Australian who had tapped him on the shoulder.

"Love," said Peter.

The Australian laughed, because it was well known that Peter Hawkins was not particularly interested in the girls around the station.

"They've already got photographs of that pranging job we did on the Templehof airport last night. Don't you want to see them?"

"No," said Peter.

END

Year of Return

(*Continued from page* 16)

might do by way of parting vengeance, the enormous numbers involved render the risks of epidemics and starvation far greater, while no one knows to what extent the German defeat may unleash anarchy and violence among the millions of prisoners and labour-slaves themselves. The least expectation is that Hitler's carefully planned gathering together of victims on an appalling scale will lead to bands roaming Europe for many a day, men and women, living by their wits in the lands they traverse. No reunion for them!

A committee of UNRRA, under Sir F. Leith Ross, has charge of the huge and complex problem of general repatriation and its very first stipulation—stay put—raises doubts. Who can rely on these millions exercising such self-restraint in the emotion of the hour? With allied columns or, possibly, airborne forces moving in the vicinity? The impulse to breathe the free air of any highway may well be insurmountable. Nevertheless, such is the *mot d'ordre*: stay put while food, clothing and medicaments are rushed to various centres and thence on to the captives' camps and districts.

The Frenchman in charge, M. Frenay, tells of a remarkable system which he has worked out. He says that his 3,000,000 charges have already been organized in 80,000 "commandos" (!) and that they are expected to respond in orderly fashion to a scheme of priorities. First priority will go to those longest in captivity, and second priority to those most urgently needed for the restoration of France's economy. A whole network of assembly centres has been made known to the "commandos," specified numbers of which will make for each centre. Here they will fetch up with transport, either train or lorry. Twenty trains a day, carrying a thousand per train, would repatriate all the French captives inside 150 days, reckons Frenay.

Repatriation being almost half of liberation, in French eyes, the very ultimate trains will assuredly be squeezed from routine services. Yet Frenay's questioners were right when they asked if he wasn't being too optimistic. More likely will very many trek homeward as best they can, while a residue stays put, taking the less easy way, maybe for months of "waiting at liberty." But those extra weeks should pass in better-found and less crowded conditions, and the personal safety of those remaining is sure to be well covered by the "cease-fire" terms.

Repatriation during the Year of Return will by no means affect only Hitler's captives and forced workers. The occupied and recently occupied countries have quite a lot to do in the reverse direction. Most of the Germans strewn over the Continent and those they brought with them are to be sent about their business. Victim nations want to clear out all foreigners who entered as part and parcel of the German visitation, and, to give an example, no fewer than a round million have to be repatriated *from* France. These include Todt workers.

On top of this there is a big third category comprising those who have migrated within a country. The whole upset in the Low Countries is thought to have wrenched well over a million people from their homes. But that is small compared with the numbers that have been similarly displaced farther east.

IN one respect, the gradualness of the liberation is to the good, in the sense that it allows time for migration within a country to be corrected before the almighty rush comes. It might have been more brilliant and wonderful if everything had finished suddenly. But, if the Nazis want chaos, the Allies don't, and there's a better chance of averting it under gradual liberation.

So we see how very small our own problem is of repatriating allied nationals and others from Britain. The country may seem to be "full of foreigners." It certainly has never been as full of them, yet a dozen trains a day for a week would probably suffice to take them all on their way, those who want to go. No: the migratory problem here is nine-tenths domestic. With a slight but important addition in the shape of former British residents abroad whose return to their foreign homes will be of use to Britain and to the other country concerned: At this writing, such ones are returning in the merest trickle, and as they have priority over tourists, it doesn't look too good for the latter.

Some will manage to make unnecessary journeys abroad by wangling matters. But for an undiscernible period ahead the Continent looks like being no place for tourists. The all-round stresses will be too great. My guess is that the first organized departure will be for winter sports in Switzerland next Christmas.

Let us hope that well before then, hundreds of thousands who to-day treasure photographs and make absent lips speak so as not to forget voices, will be reunited with their subjects. Hundreds of thousands?

In the van, from our standpoint, will come the 80,000 due to return for four weeks' leave between now and Christmas, 1945, after serving uninterruptedly in distant theatres of war for three, four, five and more years. Such unnatural separations can only demoralize. No doubt they'll be considerably mitigated in future times, thanks to a plethora of ubiquitous air transport bridging oceans between dusk and dawn.

END

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The Lady Was Scared

(*Continued from page 19*)

It was coincidence, no doubt, but, of all the party standing before the bars of that cage, the bears had selected one person to watch with their beady little eyes, Eddie Padge. It seemed to Eddie that they were listening to this lying talk—and remembering it.

"Eef the gentleman would like to entaire the cage?" the Russian offered, but Eddie shook his head.

"Winslow Moult," he said, "is playing the fool again."

Erika turned on Winslow. "Why don't *you* go in?"

"Not me! I'm scared to death of the brutes. But Eddie here——"

"Moult," Eddie interrupted, "if you persist in this fooling I'll—I'll punch your head."

Winslow laughed. "No need to be so modest, old boy. But I can understand. The smell would put any one off."

When the party had passed on Winslow stopped behind with the trainer. He handed him a bank note. "Old boy," said Winslow, "we have a little joke on with my friend. Fixed for to-night, see? If you hear a lot of growling and think your bears are loose in the shrubbery—over there—see?"

The Russian did not quite understand. "Pliz? If ze bar loose? In the shrubbery?"

"You've got it. Bears loose. To-night. In the shrubbery." Winslow smote him on the back. "Old boy, it will only be me with a lamp glass. Scaring my friend. What?"

The Russian looked down at the note in his broad hand and grinned. "I onnerstan'!" he said. "Ha, ha! Iss vaire gut joke. Yes?"

"Yes," said Winslow. "Don't forget, and spoil it all by butting in."

That evening—the last of his visit—Eddie was drinking a tomato-juice cocktail before dinner when Winslow Moult buttonholed him. "Eddie, old boy! I've been having a chat with Erika," he said. "Your last night. Pull yourself together."

Eddie fingered his white tie. "Just understand this, once and for all, Moult," he said. "I'm not interested in you, or any of your crazy schemes. I don't want to hear from you. I don't want to talk to you. Is that clear?"

"Clear as mud, old boy. You're on edge. Peeved. Het up, Eddie, old boy. Leave it to me. Once I start on that lamp glass——"

"If you mention that lamp glass again, I'll——"

"All right, old boy! Take it easy!" Winslow rubbed his chin. The sudden ferocity that had jumped into the other's usually mild face surprised him. "Lamp glass off," he said. "Let's forget it. Eh?"

"I should hope so!" Eddie agreed. "I've never in all my life heard of anything so crazy."

"You're taking Erika in to dinner to-night. Me again." Before Eddie could think of anything to say, Winslow had disappeared.

Conversation with Erika was perforce general during dinner, nevertheless the girl twice brought up the subject of wild animals. Eddie was nothing if not honest. He decided that this build-up of Winslow's had to be put right and later that night he had the opportunity. "I'm sick of these records," Erika said to no one in particular among those dancing in the library.

"Take a stroll and cool off," Winslow put in quickly. "Good for the complexion. Balmy night air. Sweet nature's second course."

"Shakespeare probably meant sleep," Eddie pointed out, tartly for him.

Erika intervened. "Oh, forget it! Take me out to try a bit of this balmy night air that is spoken of so highly, Eddie!"

When they were out in the moonlight on the lawns Eddie said: "Erika—you didn't attach any importance to all that rot Winslow was talking about me and wild animals?"

"Importance? No. Just surprised me a bit, that's all."

"I never walked into any lion's cage."

"Winslow said it was bears, didn't he?"

Eddie shook his head, colouring. "Lions. And I didn't do it at Oxford."

She took his arm in a close sisterly way.

"I don't see that it matters where you did it, Eddie. You've got things in you I never suspected. I suppose most folk have when you get to know them well enough. Do you really have to go back to the F.O. to-morrow?"

"Nine-seventeen," he said, and, for some reason, it filled him with sudden misery. "But about those lions——"

She sighed. "Oh, don't let's talk about wild animals on a night like this," she said. "I can take them or leave them. And—for me, at any rate—lions, tigers, bears, look better shut up in cages."

It was at this precise moment that Eddie caught sight of a shadowy figure drifting quietly into the shrubberies. He began to perspire, for there was no doubt of it. The figure was that of Winslow Moult.

Almost at once there followed the sounds of something crashing through the undergrowth. A roar broke the stillness of the night.

The effect was peculiar. The girl at Eddie's side stiffened and with a yell flung herself at Eddie. A series of blood-curdling roars rose from the shrubberies. "Oh, Eddie!" she screamed. "They've got loose. Something's got loose. *It's in the shrubberies!*"

Eddie's heart was beating. He would have liked this moment to stretch out into eternity. His arms were round the girl. Her head was buried against his chest. "Erika!" he said miserably. "Don't be alarmed. It's all a——"

The roaring and crashing rose to a wild crescendo.

"Eddie! Save me!"

"Winslow Moult——"

"*Save me!*"

While he hesitated, she leapt for the thatch of the general's summer arbour and with two desperate kicks scrambled up on the sloping roof. "Eddie! Quick! Jump up. They'll kill you if you stand there. Eddie—*Please!*"

Deliberately he pulled himself up, wondering how he was going to explain. At that moment he would gladly have murdered Winslow Moult.

"Erika!" He swallowed. "Don't take this too seriously."

The roaring and beating in the bushes swayed nearer.

Angrily Eddie leant over from his lofty perch. "*Shut up!*" he yelled down into the shrubberies.

The roaring died.

"*Eddie!*"

He put an arm round her to steady the girl on the thatch and her eyes opened starrily at him.

"You said: 'Shut up!' and they obeyed!"

He found he couldn't tell her, but she simply had to know. "Look closely down into the shrubberies," he said tonelessly. "See for yourself. I'm sorry . . . Erika!"

The result was not what Eddie expected. The girl, after a timid pause, leant forward to look. She shot back and clutched him hysterically. "Oh, Eddie! The two of them."

"Two? Two what?"

Puzzled, Eddie turned his head to look at where Winslow was still roaring hoarsely on the lamp glass. The hair on the back of his neck rose stiffly, as one hair. He gulped dumbly.

Winslow was down there, standing impatiently, with the lamp glass in his hand. A foot or so behind him stood two huge grizzly bears—Freda and Fred, set loose by the trainer to oblige the eccentric Englishman who had given him a pound.

As Eddie stared spellbound, one of the bears sniffed delicately at Winslow Moult's coat tails, wondering no doubt what all this roaring was about.

"*Look out!*" Eddie yelled, recovering his wits. "Bears!"

The figure in the bushes clicked its teeth impatiently. "I know," he said. "Bears. Get busy!"

"But—they're just behind you!"

"Who is?"

"*Bears!*"

"That's just what I've been telling you!" Winslow shouted back. Then something brushed the back of

(*Continued on page 58*)

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his neck. He flicked at it and it felt soft and furry. Winslow turned his head. The effect was electric.

With a yell Winslow dissolved into a blur of motion. With the speed and agility of an international scrum half he ducked under Freda's outstretched paw and dived out on to the lawns.

The move was so swift it took the bears by surprise. By the time they had recovered Winslow had one leg hooked on to the thatch and was yelling for help. Eddie slid down and heaved at his outflung arm, but as Winslow kicked for his life the arbour swung.

As Winslow scrambled to safety Eddie Padge crashed on the lawn on his neck, amid a shell-burst of Norfolk reeds.

"Save him ! Save him !" Erika cried, but Winslow mounting to the flag pole, anchored himself there and surveyed the scene. A new burst of reeds indicated that Eddie had reached his feet, but, almost at once, a furry shape mingled with the white patch in the moonlight that was Eddie's shirt-front. Then came the sound as of someone kicking a large rice pudding and the clinch ended abruptly, with Eddie streaking off like a comet over the lawns.

Eddie headed for the greenhouses and the two bears, shoulder to shoulder, were close behind him as he ran. They were gaining on him and it did not look as if he were going to reach the refuge.

"Oh, do something ! *Do* something !" the girl sobbed.

"With those bears loose? Not likely !" said Winslow.

Eddie disappeared into the greenhouse a few feet ahead of Fred's black nose, which hit the door as it slammed close. The great bear sat back and rubbed his nose, puzzled at the reception he was getting. Freda, his wife, sympathized at his side. Suddenly the side door of the greenhouse burst open and Eddie appeared loaded to the chin with flower pots. He began to bombard the bewildered bears with these explosive missiles, then—timed to a split second—as the last pot began its howitzer flight through the bright moonlight, Eddie fled back for the roof of the arbour and safety.

Afterwards, Erika decided she moved by some deep instinct. As Eddie arrived, an arm's length ahead of Freda, festooned with broken pottery, mould and geraniums, she gave Winslow a quick thrust in the neck with her foot. He fell off the roof into Freda's arms. In the confusion she hauled Eddie aboard and together they scrambled up to the flag pole.

"Eddie !" she breathed. "*You—were—wonderful!*"

Eddie was too puffed to make reply, but there was no doubt he thought so, too, himself.

"Those flower pots !"

"Erika ! Winslow started all this fooling."

"Fooling ! D'you call this fooling?"

"Listen, darling ! We've got to get this straight."

"*Oh, look!*"

When Freda received Winslow in her arms she pulled up short. It seemed to the two grizzlies that this frolic had turned into some sort of relay race with the arbour as first base. No sooner had one of these humans made it than a second was on the track. Winslow did not waste even half a glance backwards. He hit the grass as the opposition's second string, and streaked ahead to a useful lead before the bears fully recovered their faculties.

But now, they had got well away and cutting down the lead had reached the point of overtaking Winslow when Erika shrieked. A giant ball of fur and evening dress rolled for a moment on the lawns, then something with flying coat tails detached itself and flung up a tree trunk.

"It's all right," Eddie said. "Forget Winslow. I'd like to murder that man."

"Eddie?"

"Yes?"

"You called me 'darling' just now."

"I did?"

She nodded, holding his eye starrily.

He kissed her. "I meant it."

"I thought you did."

Faint cries reached the roof of the summer arbour through the night. "Help ! Help !" someone was saying.

"That would be Winslow," Erika murmured. "Shall we—help him?"

Eddie lifted his head from the girl's neck to look. In the moonlight a figure was halfway up the larch, climbing steadily. Climbing even more steadily were the two bears, ten feet below.

"He's all right," Eddie said.

"I'm so glad . . . there's nothing to worry about."

The chance was too good to miss. In less than half a minute they were both inside the house with the garden doors firmly bolted.

"Darling . . ." Eddie said. "Do you really mean all this?"

"Never meant anything more in my life, Eddie."

"Well," said Eddie Padge, "that's fine. Now I suppose I ought to ring up that menagerie—or something."

She pulled him closer, nestling once more into his shirt-front. "Let's send them a post card," she said.

END

The Lady Was Scared

From The Olden Days

(*Continued from page 29*)

"Hostel of God Begot" and Chesil Old Rectory, Winchester, and the Siege House, Colchester. The Tudor house at Stratford, where Shakespeare was born, and Ann Hathaway's cottage at Shottery, both timbered in traditional Warwickshire style, have been carefully preserved.

In half-timber construction the heavy oak beams forming the base were placed on plinths of stone, flint or brick to protect them against damp. Stout corner timbers stabilized the structure and supported the girder beams carrying the upper stories. Between these large horizontal baulks, posts were inserted vertically at intervals, being fixed with tenon and morticed joints and strong oaken dowels. The interstices in the framework were infilled with woven twigs and brushwood, known as wattle, and covered with daub, a clayey admixture reinforced with chopped straw or hair. Afterwards these panels were plastered and whitewashed.

At a later date, in certain regions, bricks were used for infilling—a procedure termed "bricknogging." In Cheshire, Shropshire and Herefordshire more elaborate timberwork persists, the carpenters having been lavish with intricate bracing, though the cottages are less decorative than the larger buildings. In Worcestershire, Warwickshire, Hampshire and Berkshire the timbering is structural rather than ornate : this also obtains in Kent, Surrey and Sussex, where varied infillings may be noted. The old craftsman's aptitude for decoration frequently asserts itself in floral and figured design on gable bargeboards, doors, corner-posts and the fascia-boards which at first covered the joist-ends of jettied stories. Much Essex, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire and Huntingdonshire timberwork is plaster-covered : this was a mode of waterproofing or arresting dilapidation, although, in some cases, the timbering was crudely executed purposely for exterior plastering.

When brick and stone became more widely used, timberwork was temporarily disfavoured in many parts of England and much was hidden beneath plaster. Fortunately, however, in numerous instances, this mask was evenutally removed largely owing to American and other tourists' admiration for half-timber buildings. Hence, the glory of the "black and white" inn at Ledbury, "The Feathers," was refurbished after a brief eclipse.

END

The Origin of the "Toast"

Although healths have been drunk from time immemorial the custom of giving "toasts" dates only from the 17th century and the origin of the phrase is curious. Pieces of toasted bread were frequently placed in wine in the belief that it improved the flavour. The story is told that at Bath in the days of Charles II a celebrated beauty being immersed in the water an admirer dipped a goblet in the bath and drank her health. Whereon a fuddled gallant offered to jump into the bath saying though he liked not the liquor, he would have the toast. From that time the custom of toasting a famous beauty in the belief that it improved the flavour of the drink became the regular custom.

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ALL THE BETTER FOR THE 'Zwow' POCKET

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Scientific

Foreign Wives (*Continued from page* 13)

Czechs, and you probably have as many more again.

The new emergency divorce law ends at a date after the war yet to be specified. I am told that it may ultimately affect as many as 100,000 British women who since September 3, 1939, have or will have married "overseas men" (the term can include Germans and Japs and Esquimos).

We must divide this army of wives into two groups. Those whose marriage breaks up early, and the rest. There's the rub—and the riddle.

The Solicitor-General, who ought to know, says that when these marriages are ill-based they break up soon. This really means that the girl will have made a temporary wartime marriage which never has been put to the test of ordinary married life with her husband in the latter's home country. She obtains her divorce, and it's all over.

But we would get the picture out of focus if we imagined that this brevity is peculiar to those marriages in which the husband is an "overseas man." It's a common wartime marriage phenomenon, one which caused Mr. Justice Laurence to explode during one of his Divorce Court sittings last November. In almost all of the cases in which he had to hand out decrees *nisi* the marriage had occurred since September 3, 1939. And he instanced the case of one wife who after three months said to her husband: "I don't like you. I am going away and I shall stay away until you divorce me."

The ordinary, or peace-time, marriage, doesn't fit this pattern. The divorce statistics show that a normal marriage has its danger points about a decade after the parties have exchanged their vows to share the good and the ill things of life "until death us do part." Few divorces occur in the first year of marriage. Most, eight years after. Measuring by this yardstick, our wife with an overseas husband who married in the year 1940 cannot safely uncross her fingers until about 1948.

The chances of our wife with the overseas husband making a happy marriage seem to run higher than if she made a wartime marriage with a man of her own tribe. There are several reasons. Drawing on the divorce authority, Mr. Justice Laurence, again, we find him stating that the trouble with many wartime marriages is that people don't in the least consider what they are doing (it's frequently the way in peace time, too, especially when the girl or both parties are lacking in experience of life and too young to know what or who suits them).

Glance at two love stories which were told to me by a Czech regimental officer. His unit, shipped over from falling France, was routed to a military camp somewhere in England to clean up, rest, eat, and get English uniforms. The men's only contact with England was the male personnel of the camp Naafi. It was a week or two before any passes were issued for camp leave. Two days after the first leave was granted the officer saw one of his men walking along the road arm-in-arm with a charming girl. On the man's return to camp, the officer sent for him. "Where did you find the Czechoslovak girl?"

"She was an English girl," replied the soldier, "and we are going to get married."

"Where did you learn English anyway?" demanded the officer.

"English? I don't know English."

"Then how did you get to know her? And how did you tell her that you wanted to marry her?"

"Well," said the soldier, "I saw her coming along and she was very pretty and made the way I like. When we got closer we looked at one another, and I could see by her eye that she liked me. So I stopped, and she stopped. And I smiled at her and I said: 'Yes, very very, yes,' which was all the English I know."

The soldier of the second story met the girl who attracted him at a village hall dance. After several walks with her he asked one of his comrades who knew some English to write down on a piece of paper: "I want to marry you. I love you." Then he learnt how to pronounce the words.

But he returned miserable from the rendezvous. She had refused him.

"What did she tell you?" asked his English-speaking friend.

"She said that she didn't want to."

"And how did she tell you that?"

"I got her to write it down." The soldier fumbled in his pocket and produced a scrap of paper. On it was written: "You love me, I love you."

The poor fellow had interpreted it as a turn-down, having been told that the British are a laconic race, and if the girl consented she would simply reply: "Yes."

Both these couples married, and they remain so far happily married.

Superficially, these look like marriages entered upon with that lack of consideration which the judicial authority blames for the breakdown of wartime marriages. But when you check on the regulations governing the marriage of men of the armed forces of our Allies, you perceive that both man and maid are obliged to give considerable post-proposal consideration to their project of marriage, while unemotional and hard-boiled outsiders give the project additional consideration.

The regulations, and the difficulties, vary. The Dutch authorities are fairly easy. They require a soldier to give the Ministry of War ten days' notice of his intended marriage—he doesn't need his C.O.'s permission. The Dutchmen are notoriously cautious in their choice of a wife, and the Dutch divorce rate is low. It makes a difference.

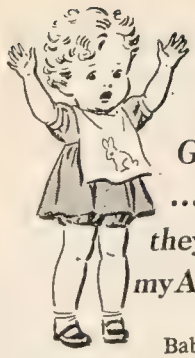
The Czechs are tougher. A Czech professional officer cannot marry under any circumstances until he is twenty-eight or has attained captain's rank, and even then he must petition his unit's "marriage committee," which expresses its opinion to the Defence Ministry, with whom the decision rests. Drafted soldiers cannot get married without permission. Reservists serving for the duration can marry without permission, but if they do neither the wife nor any children receive the Czechoslovak marriage allowance.

The Norwegians are still tougher. Thord from Trondhjem wants to marry Helen from Hull. He applies for permission through his unit, and gets an application form. On the form he enters personal details about himself and his prospective bride: his name, position and residence in Norway, birthplace, age, name of father and his position, religion; his girl's name, address, birthplace, year of birth, name and address and position of her father, religion. He names two sponsors, one of whom must be Norwegian. If one of the parties has been married before, he must state why the former marriage was dissolved, and whether the separation is legal.

If the application is approved, Thord's form goes to the force's minister. Has the Church any objections? Most Norwegians belong to the Norwegian State Church, which is Protestant. If the bride is not a Protestant, she must get a document from her Church saying that there is nothing to prevent the children from being brought up according to Protestant religious teaching.

The minister's approval is important. It is he who prepares the marriage papers. Once he gets his papers—if he gets them—Thord must take them along to the English registrar, where the banns are exhibited (another three weeks for the parties to think over it) before the marriage can take place. This must be done even if there is also a Norwegian church marriage, because by English law marriage with an English girl in a Norwegian church, or embassy, is not valid. By the time the formalities, and the double wedding, are over, Thord and Helen are both apt to feel, and to be, very much married. (*Continued on page* 62)

There are many men and women in the Services who would welcome a chance of reading this publication. If you would hand it in, unwrapped, unstamped and unaddressed at any post office, it will go to them.



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2 Cook over a moderate heat in a closely covered pan for about 15 minutes (young summer spinach takes about 10 minutes), shaking and stirring occasionally. When cooked, drain and press through a sieve.

3 Start baby on strained vegetables during the 5th month — a few teaspoonfuls before the two o'clock feed. In the 6th month, the two o'clock feed should consist entirely of vegetables with milk afterwards.

Mothers welcome Brand's Baby Foods, because they are the best thing baby can have for his first solid food. Unfortunately, the demand exceeds the supply, so your chemist or grocer may occasionally be out of stock.

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'DANDERINE'

FOR THE HAIR

The American authorities are just as difficult. They ask every kind of question, and impose a waiting period which usually runs into three months. The U.S. Senior Chaplain with whom I discussed the subject said that they were concerned to guard both their boys and British girls from the consequences of a marriage made either on a purely sex basis, or because the overseas soldier was lonely and he met a British girl who was sorry for him. In neither case was there a proper basis for marriage, and in either case the marriage would probably be unhappy and might be disastrous.

But high politics come into it. A large number of broken Anglo-American marriages won't do Anglo-American relations any good: and of all the Allies, Americans marry and divorce most easily. Further, an American's wife does not automatically acquire her husband's nationality. She has to take out naturalization papers, and wait. Naturally, the American authorities don't want on their hands in post-war years a lot of British wives, who were quite happy seeing their soldier husbands infrequently, and sustained by an allowance of fifty dollars a month, with an extra twelve dollars for the first child, and ten dollars for each additional child; but who might not be so happy living a family life with an American civilian husband in his home State among his own home people.

The French have one problem which none of the other Allies have. By Vichy government decree, Frenchmen joining the De Gaulle movement were adjudged legally dead. The wives of these Free French warriors were free to marry again. A number of Free French men have married British girls either on the assumption that they are widowers in fact or by Vichy law, or because nobody, including their own officials in London, could check on the records back in France anyway.

The member of De Gaulle's cabinet with whom I discussed this some time back said the problem was in the forefront of their minds and they would attend to it as soon as they got back to France and assumed power. The minister took a realistic, a robustly biological view. A vigorous young Frenchman, a healthy young English girl: it was a fine combination, the world's best. England herself had come out of the mingling of the two virile stocks. They wanted the English wives to return to France with their husbands and would do everything to encourage the migration. France needed the babies.

He had something there. When men or women, of sound stock, mate outside their own national tribe, the progeny are often above average—quite apart from the marriage being usually notably successful.

END

Nature's Submarines

(*Continued from page 20*)

sphere in which nature holds the speed record. A salmon can travel faster than a submarine and so also can the diminutive trout—both fish doing better than twenty miles per hour when really in a hurry. Tunny can travel at twice this speed and fishermen who have had their small boats towed by these powerful fish will not question this statement!

Some indication of the high speed fish can attain under water is shown by the tremendous leaps they occasionally make. The tarpon, which is a famous game-fish found off the coast of Florida, has been compared to a jumping cracker, so great are its powers of leaping out of the water. A tarpon has been known to jump eighteen feet clear of the water and to cover an arc of thirty feet. Sometimes, when hooked, they jump over the boat and a man once wrote to me saying he had known an angler have both his legs broken when a tarpon jumped into his boat.

It is generally agreed that the greatest game-fish in the world are the swordfish family—marlin, broadbill and sailfish. The largest species of swordfish may weigh more than a 1,000 pounds and be fifteen feet long from tip of the yard-long sword to the end of the great crescent-shaped tail. They have enormous muscles and they surge through the water like living torpedoes.

The analogy with torpedoes is more apt than is apparent at first sight. Many a wooden ship, and possibly steel ones as well, have been rammed by swordfish! Possibly it is because sometimes the fish mistakes the huge hull for a formidable enemy and sometimes it is because the swordfish is attacked with a sort of frenzy when hooked. But whatever the reason there are many authenticated instances of these fishes charging full tilt into vessels.

One man said his ship shook from stem to stern when she was rammed by a large swordfish. Sometimes the broken-off swords of fish have been found embedded several inches into the hulls of ships. If a rowing boat is attacked it may easily be sunk because the sword is capable of wrenching a board out.

The most remarkable example I have met of such an attack occurred with a wooden ship named *The Fortune*. The sword of the fish which attacked her pierced the copper sheathing, an inch of under-sheathing and a three-inch plank of hard wood. The sword then passed through twelve inches of white oak timber, a hard oak ceiling and went full tilt into an oil cask. Altogether some twenty inches of hard wood and a sheathing of copper were penetrated during this attack by the swordfish.

How fast must this natural submarine have been travelling to effect such an enormous degree of penetration? One estimate claimed that such an amount of damage could not have been effected at a speed, at the moment of impact, of less than sixty miles per hour.

END

The Corner Table

(*Continued from page 28*)

trombone. People left their tables and crowded to the pavement.

"The circus! The circus!" shouted a small boy in a sailor suit, dancing about with excitement. Pierre smiled and lit a cigarette. It would be interesting to see a circus again after all these years. And suddenly the cheers and shouting died and there was a moment of horrified silence. The drumming stopped and the trombone died in the middle of a high note. People began running wildly. Chairs and tables went spinning.

"The bear has broken loose," someone shouted. A woman screamed and dragged the little boy in the sailor suit to the back of the café. A shot rang out and Ravenel jumped to his feet.

"Stand clear of the road," he shouted, taking a revolver from his hip pocket. Pierre glanced round quickly, his heart beating madly. He saw an opening in the crowd and was about to move towards it when the bear came loping round the corner. Women screamed as Ravenel stepped on to the pavement and fired. The bear lurched, then slued round quickly and made for the detective. Ravenel raised his revolver but had no time to fire again before the shaggy brute was on him. He felt a searing pain in his left arm and then, miraculously, the dark shape stumbled away. He looked up through a mist and saw the man he had been watching stamping like a maniac on the animal's feet. The bear danced in agony. A fusillade of bullets tore into his hide and, suddenly, he staggered and went down with a heavy thud.

"Stop that man!" shouted Ravenel as Pierre tried to force his way through. The gendarme who had killed the bear took him by the arm and led him quietly to Ravenel.

"You are not hurt, inspector?" he inquired.

Ravenel shook his head, though his arm was throbbing painfully. He took Pierre by the arm and inched through the crowd who were gaping at the dead bear on the ground.

"Come with me, my friend," he said quietly. "You must have a drink with me. You saved my life." (*Continued on page 64*)

"Goodnight children — everywhere"

Never still for a moment. What energy they use! Now's the time for that long refreshing sleep —a cup of OXO and off to bed.

OXO

Prepared from PRIME RICH BEEF

How can skin be clear and eyes sparkling if toxins clog the blood? Beauty's rule is—
— every morning take
ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"
2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax inc.)

FINE, THANKS!

I eat something crisp and crunchy every day.

When I can get it, I prefer

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CRISP, NOURISHING DAILY BREAD

Whenever I see hands in a stocking I think: "Ah— Aristoc!"

Sigh no more, lady. Both you and we look forward to the day when there will be a more generous supply of your favourite stockings. Meanwhile we are making *Aristoc Utility* in attractive shades. Supplies are limited but fair shares are distributed to all Aristoc dealers.

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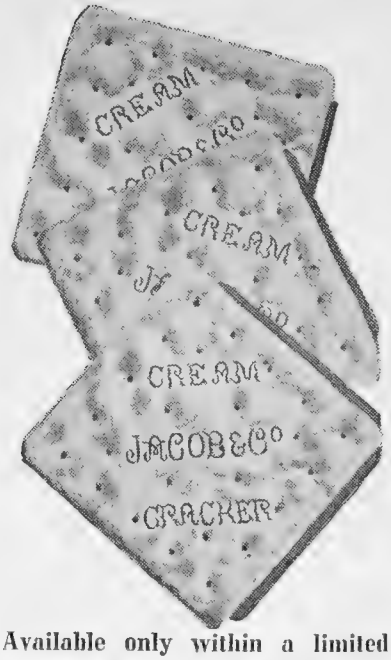

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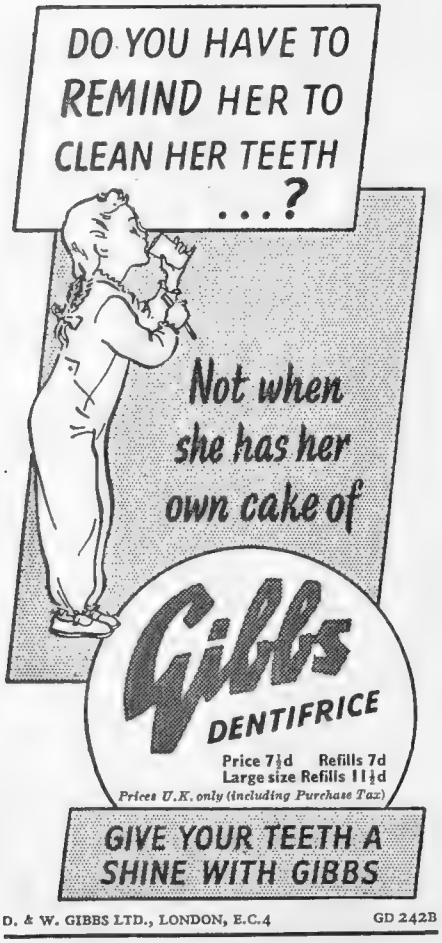
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"It was nothing, monsieur," protested Pierre. "I must get back to my work." He didn't like the way the inspector was hanging on to him.

Ravenel did not let go until they were seated at a bar-tabac in the Avenue Léon Gambetta.

"I am grateful to you, Monsieur Henrouille," murmured Ravenel, offering his cigarette case.

Pierre lit the cigarette. His mind was racing. This fool of an inspector was wounded and the bar was almost empty. One good punch and he could slip into that alley around the corner.

"My name is Moulin, Jacques Moulin," he countered politely.

Ravenel clicked his teeth and shook his head.

"No, my friend. You are Pierre Henrouille." He nodded with self-satisfaction. "I knew you the moment you stepped on that bear's feet. Only an animal trainer would have known that trick and acted so promptly."

Pierre looked round and pulled hard on his cigarette. The bar was beginning to fill up.

Ravenel took out his revolver and released the safety catch. "I do not wish to kill you, Henrouille," he said pleasantly. "You saved my life a few minutes ago."

Pierre shrugged. "My name is Moulin," he mumbled.

"Henrouille," corrected the inspector, smiling. "Some years ago, you were here in Marseilles with a circus. You had a big moustache in those days. They sent you to Devil's Island for killing a man." His arm was aching like the deuce.

"What happened to my wife?" asked Pierre slowly.

The Corner Table

The inspector hesitated and stubbed out his cigarette.

"The beautiful Jeanne? The trapeze artiste?" He sighed. "She died, fighting with the Maquis."

Pierre said nothing. He pushed back his hair from his forehead and stared unseeingly at the glowing cigarette tip between his fingers.

"Devil's Island is a heavy punishment," murmured the inspector. "France needs strong men more than ever now." He put the revolver back into his pocket. "I believe a ship leaves for Casablanca to-night." He got up heavily. "I do not arrest a man until I am quite certain. I shall go back to headquarters and search the dossiers. If I am wrong, I shall come to-morrow to the Café Provençal and apologize to you. Until then . . . ." He patted Pierre on the shoulder.

He was smiling when he got back to the office. He took out two dossiers, labelled Henrouille. Yes, his memory must be failing not to have recognized the man at once. He closed the dossier and picked up the other one. There were two photographs in it, one of a beautiful woman with shining ash-blond hair, and the other with a shaven skull. Jeanne Henrouille, mistress of Colonel Von Krasten. Awaiting trial in Grenoble.

Next day, with his arm in a sling, he strolled in the sunshine to the Café Provençal. As there was nobody at the corner table he seated himself there and ordered a double Pernod. A pickpocket, whom he knew by sight, got up quickly and sidled away. Ravenel lit a cigar and sat back comfortably. A policeman's life was not so bad, after all. Any fool could keep chickens in Anjou.

END

Old Tales Re-told (*Continued from page* 24)

their reckless leader, amongst them the intrepid Amazon, Anita.

The coup succeeded and the fugitives reached the shores of the Adriatic, encouraged now to hope that they might reach safety by sea. But Anita's strength was giving out. She was in the grip of a fever which prevented her from riding and made her so weak that she could hardly stand. A first attempt at escape in some fishing boats proved a costly failure. Eight of them, loaded with fugitives, were captured by Austrian gunboats. The few survivors still on shore decided to scatter. Garibaldi was left with two companions, his sick wife becoming worse every hour, and the enemy drawing nearer and nearer. The position was desperate. Anita begged him to cut off his beard and his long hair so that he would not be recognized. But he refused to disguise himself. He had other plans, he said. They would go back and seek safety inland.

On the afternoon of the fourth of August, under a scorching sun, Garibaldi carried the dying Anita into a one-roomed cottage near Ravenna and laid her on a mattress. A few minutes later she died. He held in his arms for a long time in silence the body of the brave woman who had preferred to die for him rather than live for her children. But he was not to be left long in peace with his dead. A shout from outside warned him that the Austrians were coming. Even so, he had to be dragged away almost by force by his two friends, Colonel Bonnet and Major Leggero. They implored him to come away while there was yet time, if only to serve his cause and carry on his great work. At last he yielded to their entreaties. Entrusting the burial of his wife to the farmer who had sheltered her, he left the cottage with tears streaming down his face, and fled in the nick of time to safety.

Gallant Anita, his fellow warrior, comrade and beloved wife, watched his future achievements and ultimate successes from her last and final resting-place in heaven.

END

Flats or Houses? (*Continued from page* 42)

garden or backyard, their self-contained character (also and frequently their own dark basements and inconvenient staircases), do bestow an-Englishman's-home-is-his-castle atmosphere. This is particularly the case among older people, who are conservative and like to "keep themselves to themselves." I find that, generally speaking, younger folk are fully alive to the advantages of modern flats and prefer that labour-saving, compact way of living. And it is perfectly possible, in a really well-built and arranged flat, to be as self-contained as one wishes.

With a wise sense of compromise, the County of London Plan advocates flats for small families and non-basement, low-storied terrace houses for larger ones. There is, therefore, no question of replanning London entirely in terms of blocks of flats—though these will undoubtedly preponderate, for space-saving reasons—but in a judicious blend of various types of dwellings.

Which brings me, in conclusion, to the hotly discussed, pressed steel Portal bungalows. These are not intended to be anything but temporary homes for young married couples who would otherwise have to wait for accommodation or live with their parents; they provide the speediest means of reconstruction in devastated areas or on suburban sites, while the slower, long-term plan of "proper" building is in progress.

They are allocated to local housing authorities, who then rent them out to the individual.

These all-steel houses are insulated against sound, heat and cold, and are presented in an attractive range of colours: white, pale pink, dark green, blue-grey, red or dark brown, with contrasting doors and windows. The Ministry of Town and Country Planning, the Ministry of Works, and the Ministry of Health are all concerned in this undertaking. And let the prejudiced note that different types of temporary bungalows, other than those of pressed steel, are now under consideration.

END

Change to
EKCO
LAMPS

E. K. Cole Ltd.
Southend-on-Sea

A Draw-string Blouse

(*Continued from page* 40)

THE FRONT

Work as for the back until armhole shaping is complete. Work 1½ ins. on the remaining 113 sts.

SHAPE NECK

Work 43, cast off 27, work 43. Work on the last set of 43 sts. for 5½ ins, casting off 5 sts. at the beg. of the first 3 neck edge rows. Then dec. 1 st. in every row at the neck edge until 23 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

As for the back. Return to the first 43 sts. and work to correspond.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 69 sts. K. 3 rows plain knitting. **4th row.**—* K. 1, k. twice into the next st.; repeat from * to last st., k. 1 (103 sts.).

Change to No. 8 needles. Work 5 ins. pattern, then cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row, until 11 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew the side shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, arranging fullness on top of the shoulder. With crochet hook work 1 round of double crochet round the neck. **2nd round.**—Work 1 d.c., 9 ch. into every 3 d.c. **3rd round.**—1 d.c., 3 ch., 1 d.c., 3 ch. into each chain loop. Work 1 d.c., 9 ch. into every 4th st. on sleeve edges. **2nd round.**—Work 1 d.c., 3 ch., 1 d.c., 3 ch. into each ch. of loop. Press neck and sleeve edges. Thread ribbon through chain loops at neck and sleeves. Thread elastic through holes at waist.

A Slick Sweater

(*Continued from page* 40)

3rd row.—Work twice into first st. K. to end, ending k. 2 tog. Repeat these 2 rows so that stripes go on the cross until strip is long enough to go across top of pocket, when the lower point of striped piece is turned under to make a straight edge. Cast off.

STRIPED REVERS (2 alike)

Cast on 22 sts. with No. 12 needles and main colour. Make stripes as in pocket top, but do not increase or decrease for 8 ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Press all work. Sew in sleeves, easing at shoulders. Sew pocket strip to pocket, and sew striped revers on to the flaps made by turning down neck, hemming them invisibly inside and very neatly round edge.

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit; p. = purl; m. = make; s. = slip; st. or sts. = stitch or stitches; tog. = together; beg. = beginning; w.fd. = wool forward; p.s.s.o. = pass slip stitch over.

On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page* 33)

stationed out in the wilds, and cannot get your usual cosmetics and things, such things as old-fashioned cold cream with a delicate attar of rose perfume can still be obtained for 2s. 6d. Toilet Vinegar 5s. 6d. or 10s. And believe it or not, you can still get Sir Erasmus Wilson's Hair Wash for 2s. 6d. a bottle. This is used either as a dry cleaner in the place of a shampoo, or else as a hair tonic. Glycerine and Rose Water, which is the old-fashioned hand lotion, costs approximately 1s. 6d. or 2s. 6d. And the Carnate Nail Polish and Conditioner, which has been on the market for the past thirty years, is probably in greater demand now than ever before. This preparation gives your nails an elegant sheen, and keeps them in thoroughly good condition. The price is now 2s. 11d. including tax.

You may never have heard of Rouge Leaves, but you can still get them. They are called Poppoea Rouge, price 1s. 8d., and they will give the cheeks the "delicate and discreet blush." In other words, they are becoming without being obvious.

Complexion Milks are not so easy to get, but I still know of one, price 4s.

END

A sweet course *special*

It used to be so easy to have refreshing variety when all you had to do was to open a tin of sparkling DEL MONTE Fruit Cocktail or fragrant DEL MONTE Bartlett Pears or any other delicious DEL MONTE variety. Those times will come again.

Meanwhile, DEL MONTE offer this recipe to help you to add healthfulness and pleasurable eating to your meals in another way, and so make up in some measure for the DEL MONTE you are missing for the time being.

FRUIT FROLIC

2-lb. jar sweetened plums, pears, cherries, greengages or stewed fresh fruit, 1 shell egg, 1 reconstituted dried egg, 1 oz. sugar, ½ oz. powdered gelatine, ½ pint juice from the fruit, a few drops almond or vanilla essence.

Place stoned fruit in the bottom of a dish, reserving some for decoration. Soak the gelatine in 1 tablespoon cold water. Stir in the fruit juice. Warm gently to dissolve gelatine. (Do not boil.) Add the egg yolk to the reconstituted egg, sugar and essence. Beat together. Stir the hot (not boiling) liquid into this egg mixture. Whip the egg white very stiff. Pour the fruit-juice mixture into it. Stir once or twice and pour over the fruit. When firm enough, decorate with the fruit reserved for the purpose.

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The English Counties

(*Continued from page 15*)

problem which has baffled the best brains the Ministry of Food could produce, this illogical distribution of our fishing catches that gives the half-Nelson to any local innovator.

Yet the fish is there, and as the calendar goes through from January to December, so does the fishing fleet move clockwise around the British Isles, from Grimsby and Lowestoft down to Brixham, up to Morecambe and Heysham and then over the tip of Scotland to Aberdeen. But we don't get much of the local catches locally, except winkles and mussels. People of moderate income have gone for years without being able to afford a lobster, or an oyster, the latter in Mr. Pickwick's time being as cheap as apples.

Americans are great sea-food (as they call it) eaters and have hundreds of local and specialized varieties, on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, as well as on the Great Lakes. But no oyster I have ever eaten in the United States has the peculiar succulence and quality of Whitstables or Colchesters.

The only way to stimulate all these local dishes, local habits and local customs is to stimulate local rivalry. A few counties do it in an old school tie way, with annual dinners in London; but that is not at all what I mean. The counties must become *countries*, with picturesque maps well to the fore, in the way in which the French countryside encouraged local *tourisme*.

THE fact that county pride and patriotism count for something has recently been demonstrated by—of all unimaginative bodies in the world!—the War Office. It is now no secret, I imagine, that at one time in the building of our new armies there was a great feeling that the old county regiment should be jettisoned, and the whole Army reorganized on a central pooling system, as is the case in the American and French Armies. But the county regiments fought hard. The upshot of the dispute was delightfully and wholly English, in the best style of compromise. The county regiments were retained in all their historic glory, while the central pooling system—as far as ranks were concerned—was intensified. So that you find all the local young men of a certain age from Wiltshire in the Inniskillings, and Ulster figures largely in the ranks of the Royal Fusiliers.

But the fact remains that county feeling was demonstrated. During the years of waiting the Canadian Army realized this important feature of regionalism. When the Canadians first arrived in 1939 they were labelled, as in the last war, just "Canada." But after a year or so, their flashes began to have provincial units on them, some of them almost forgotten militia units of before the last war.

Yes, let the English counties which have given so much to the world in the pattern of self-government not sacrifice themselves too easily to this new spirit which would have everything out of one giant tin-can, standardized and Government approved, numbered and filed, so that England is just one instead of many.

In the years ahead we are going to be able to fly from country to country with appalling speed, by the most superficial form of travel. We will all be citizens of one world; right, we will all be citizens of one world; but let us be citizens of our own doorsteps first.

Long live Yorkshire! Up Devonshire Lincolnshire for ever! Die for Dorset!

There are few things that will be left in this island of ours better worth fighting for, in peace time, than the counties of England.

END

Three Acres and A Cow

(*Continued from page 25*)

house between the sitting-room and the passage, making the sitting-room nearly twice the size; they had knocked out another piece of wall on the west and were going to put in a window to let in the afternoon sun; finally, the front door was to be removed and half filled in, and a window put in its place.

"So we shall have quite a nice-sized sitting-room with three windows," The Brains said.

"But no front door!"

"No front door; front doors are only a form of social snobbishness," said The Brains.

"Won't it matter knocking out a bit of the main wall of the house?" I asked the builder.

"Not a bit; look how strong they are." He showed me the thickness of the wall.

"And now you won't have to stoop any more, the doors we are putting in are going to be the proper height," The Brains said.

I am over six foot and have been knocked flat several times since we came here. In these small houses never hurry from one room to another—not if you don't want to get punch drunk.

The price of cottages has changed greatly. I asked Tinker Burt about a charming old thatched cottage he owned in the village at one time. He said he sold it originally for £100. I dare say that would represent the cost of building a cottage like ours in those days. Tinker Burt, nearing his eightieth year, is a grand old man; at one time he used to go round winning championships as a sheep shearer; he likes a mug of cider as well as any one and is a good advertisement for the drink. Round here they say all the cider drinkers live to a good old age.

I would not have a thatched cottage myself. This is what I have heard said of thatch. "Drip—drip, drip when it rains—pulled about by the birds—needs renewing every ten or fifteen years, unless made of Norfolk reed." Nobody who could get our lovely red west country tiles would have a thatched roof.

We have burned nothing but wood in our living-room for two winters. The right type of wood is completely satisfactory for heating purposes, and can be used to heat water in a boiler. Maple and beech will burn green within a few hours of being cut, giving out a bright flame and plenty of heat; they say of green elm that it needs as much coal with it as wood to make it burn at all. We bought some elm logs at £2 a ton—that was before I had learnt to go wooding—they were not satisfactory.

In mid-October our five yearling hens were still averaging ten eggs a week. They came to us as laying pullets from a breeder last November at a cost of 27s. 6d. each. This year we bought eight-weeks-old pullets at 11s. each. Of the expensive birds we originally had six, but I found one dead on the floor of the hen-house. It had a curiously flattened look and I thought it had been run over. A van driver, who had passed up the lane, and to whom I mentioned the matter, did not agree with the diagnosis; he said he had known hens get slightly injured in the road and then go back to the hen-house and lie down and die. How the hen got back to the hen-house by itself, in the shape it was, I cannot imagine.

As we near our third year in a farming community, I get the impression the public don't know much about farmers. There is an idea they are making money in the war. They certainly are doing better than in peace time. But unlike the last war, in this war farmers are not given the chance to make a great deal of money. I should say that, taking the ratio of the hours they work to the money they earn, they are getting less than the majority of other classes of war workers on the home front. I have never heard any farmer say anything except that he will be thankful when the war is over. And so will the hungry cows.

END

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

VD Shadow on HEALTH

Since the war, venereal diseases have been increasing, and the number of new cases now stands at more than double the pre-war total.

The first thing that everyone should know about venereal diseases is that they can be avoided—by clean living. They are spread by sexual intercourse with men and women who already have the disease. Syphilis and gonorrhœa—the two principal venereal diseases—are each caused by a different germ. But these germs cannot appear in the body of their own accord. Nor can they be carried through the air like the germs of colds or measles.

What is Syphilis?

Syphilis is a dangerous, a killing disease. It not treated early, skilfully and completely, it can cause death or total disablement in early middle life. Unless an infected mother is given skilled treatment early in pregnancy, she can pass on syphilis to her unborn child. That is one of the causes—though not, of course, the only one—of babies being born dead, or dying early in infancy, or becoming blind, deaf, or mentally defective.

What is Gonorrhœa?

Gonorrhœa, though not so dangerous as syphilis, is more serious than is generally believed, and is one of the causes of arthritis, chronic ill-health, and—in both men and women—inability to have children.

What are the signs of Venereal Diseases?

The first sign of syphilis is a small ulcer on or near the sex organs; it appears from 10-90 days—usually three or four weeks—after infection. Gonorrhœa first shows itself as a discharge from the sex organs, and usually shows itself from 2-10 days after infection.

How are Venereal Diseases caught?

In adults, almost always through sexual intercourse with a person who has already got the disease. The passing of the disease in any other way is so uncommon that it need not be feared. Professional prostitutes are not the only spreaders of these diseases; any man or woman, boy or girl, who has sexual relations with a casual acquaintance risks picking up syphilis or gonorrhœa. Clean living is the real safeguard.

How and where can V.D. be cured?

Venereal diseases can be cured if treated early by a specialist doctor; self-treatment is useless and may be disastrous. A specialist's advice, and treatment if necessary, are given FREE at any V.D. clinic: the addresses of local clinics and the times of opening may be found on boards in public conveniences. There is usually no need to stay away from work during treatment, and treatment is **absolutely confidential.** No operation is necessary except in rare cases where there has been long delay in going for treatment. Disappearance of early symptoms does not necessarily mean a cure. It is essential to continue treatment until the doctor says it may safely be stopped. Anyone who has the slightest reason to suspect V.D. should seek skilled medical treatment AT ONCE.

FURTHER INFORMATION IN CONFIDENCE can be obtained from your local Council's Health Department, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock Sq., W.C.1, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH — THE CENTRAL COUNCIL FOR HEALTH EDUCATION

Issued by the Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education (VD 33-19)

Books

(*Continued from page 41*)

jealousies and rivalries, fall in love, and generally have a marvellous, too, too thrilling time. Carol Page and company do that in Miss Helen Dore Boylston's "Carol in Repertory" (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.), a light-hearted story buoyant with youth.

JUST imagine. We tune in to the nine o'clock news, and "this is Ernest Bisham reading it." Late that night a cat-burglar shins up a drain-pipe or hides behind curtains, and that is Ernest Bisham doing it! Mr. D. H. Landels describes the exploits of this Jekyll and Hyde in "The Announcer" (Hurst & Blackett, 8s. 6d.), with many revealing sidelights on Broadcasting House. Is it possible that Alvar Lidell and Co. have such hobbies, apart from swatting up Dutch and Russian names? This about a character intrigues me: "Every one present treated him like dirt, and pointed to his dandruff in a Countyish manner . . ." How exactly does one point to dandruff in a Countyish manner?

MISS KITTY BARNE knows musicians. Give her an exotic pianist married to a temperamental conductor-composer, dump them in a Sussex windmill given them by a South African millionaire mad on music, with a romantic young girl also mad on music for neighbour, and there will be Mozartian comedy. "Enter Two Musicians" (Chapman & Hall, 8s. 6d.) is a brilliant study of the famous Merediths, sentimental Sukey, and others, in which heads and hearts go round and round, as well as mill sails and the music. Roma says of the Prom crowd's love of concertos: "One instrument against so many—it appeals to the English sporting instinct!"

A NOVEL of quality is Mr. H. E. Bates's "Fair Stood the Wind for France" (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.), which recounts the love of an injured R.A.F. bomber pilot for a French girl, after he and his crew crash in France. Françoise's family and background are drawn with the skill he devotes to his stories of English country life. A dramatic escape, with her help, rounds off a satisfying story of literary charm.

LADY ELEANOR SMITH'S "Magic Lantern" (Hutchinson, 9s.) has stronger emotional colour. It tells the story of dark, gipsy-blooded Nicholas Randall, who sees his father killed in a brawl with a rival over a mistress, grows up in a lonely Dartmoor manor with a tutor, finds headlong love in Hungary, Sicily, and Second Empire Paris, and through love meets a death as tragic as his father's. "He had always been successful with women, but never with the women he had loved." The secret of Lady Eleanor Smith's appeal is that she is unafraid of melodrama and takes us back to the robust, full-blooded technique of an earlier age.

MR. HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL is content with a simple, suburban situation in "Hilary Trent" (Cassell, 8s. 6d.), though the dialogue is sophisticated enough. Hilary, first clerk and then junior partner in a stockbroker's firm in which Norman Temple, his father's closest friend, is a principal, loses the rich and lovely Ursula to him, and then, when she is in trouble over an affair which threatens to wreck her marriage, strives quixotically to mend things and save it. Greater love hath no man than he who can behave nobly after he has been turned down, especially in Langton-on-Thames. Hats off to Hilary, who could take it, stout feller; and to his author, for a tale about people we know. . . .

MR. RUSSELL THORNDIKE'S Dr. Syn, the parson-smuggler of Romney Marsh, needs no introduction. He is up against the preventive men again in "The Shadow of Dr. Syn" (Rich & Cowan, 8s. 6d.), with Mipps, Gentleman James, the Highwayman, the Squire's beautiful daughter an' all. This is the kind of (*Continued on page 68*)

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exciting old-time yarn which makes you vow that your next holiday will be at Dymchurch, if only to walk the lonely tracks he rode over at night . . . .

UNDERGROUND plottings in Occupied France, in the course of which Gestapo villains "bite the dust," form the background of Mr. Keith Campbell's "The Broken Branch" (Rich & Cowan, 9s. 6d.). It is another George Abbott adventure—slick, melodramatic, tense with intrigue, and darkly bloody. It takes courage, these days, to permit one's hero to fall for a German spy, Clotilde, but all's fair in love and war. I enjoyed the description of Willi, the Gestapo chief, as "just the centipede's cami-knickers in his patent leather belt."

HERE is a list of other books which will repay the attention of readers:—

"The King Tree," by Baroness van Boecop (Hurst & Blackett, 8s. 6d.). A novel of atmosphere and character set in the Dutch East Indies.

"And Only Man," by Alexandra Dick (Hurst & Blackett, 8s. 6d.). A mystery novel in which the author introduces a new sleuth, Alastair MacAlistair.

"Meet Doctor Morelle Again," by Ernest Dudley (John Long, 9s.). A further collection of chapters from his case-book.

"Which Then, Be Fool?" by N. Montague Scott (Hurst & Blackett, 9s. 6d.). A straightforwardly told tale which will have a great appeal for many readers.

"Fear Haunts The Fells," by Richard Goyne (Stanley Paul, 9s.). A clever mystery story which will amply satisfy the detective fan, the thriller fiend, and the reader who just wants "a good story."

END

Smuggler's Wedding

(*Continued from page 32*)

"Get Parson Hall. Drag him out of his bed if necessary. But bring him here."

She turned to the smugglers who had paused in their work on hearing of the alarm.

"Tumble those barrels back outside and scatter. Fly for your lives. They're on us. You know where to go. Scatter, scatter."

Within a few minutes of Emma's arrival Parson Hall, but half dressed, was literally dragged into the church through the vestry door, urged by the entreaties of Henry Shapwick. The churchman had not been soundly asleep for he had knowledge that something was afoot. But he thought that probably someone had been badly hurt and needed his administrations before passing into the next world. Imagine his amazement, therefore, when Emma seized him by the shoulders and pleaded with him to hold a service of some sort and commence with all speed.

"But, my dear young lady," he protested, "what service? There is no service I can hold at this hour; and at a moment's notice."

"Oh, any service, please," she faltered. "I know, a wedding service. I want to marry Henry Shapwick—now—at once. You want to marry me, don't you, Henry?"

And she glared at him as if daring him to say no. The young man stammered and looked flabbergasted, overcome by the ordeal which had so suddenly been thrust upon him. He had never even thought of marrying at all, let alone Emma Marsh. She was much above his station, too.

But in his bucolic brain there was a streak of sharpness which responded to her desperate resource. With dog-like faithfulness he answered in the affirmative.

"Er—yes—Miss Emma—of course—yes, I do that."

As the parson donned his robes and the pair stood meekly side by side before him, the door burst open and up the aisle rushed the excise officer with four heavily armed men at his heels.

"There they are. Seize them. Parson and all. Let no one leave the church."

The parson raised his hand in protest.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen. I am conducting a marriage ceremony; the solemn union of these two young people. Peace, gentlemen, please. You are in the House of God. Please be seated and remove your hats."

Taken aback, the excise officer ordered his men to the pews, where they rather sheepishly removed their head-gear.

Emma heaved a sigh of relief.

"Spin it out. Spin it out," she murmured as the clergyman swept past her to hand out prayer books to the men. He made no sign but she knew that he had sized up the situation with some degree of accuracy.

So Emma Marsh was married to Henry Shapwick. The whole length of the marriage service was waded through and on top of that they had a couple of hymns and a short address. Emma could hardly suppress her mirth as she saw Parson Hall silently urging the excisemen to sing louder, setting a fine example himself with his deep bass voice. And all the time the congregation could hear the scrape, scrape of the liquor barrels as they were lowered down the outside of the tower, and the scuffle of feet in the churchyard. By the time the ceremony was over all was silent.

When it was all over Parson Hall shook hands with the couple and had the excisemen into the vestry to sign the register as witnesses. Before they trooped out the elderly officer pleaded Emma's indulgence to ask an impudent question.

"Will you tell me," he said with a wry smile, "why you chose to be married at such short notice and in the middle of the night?"

"I have been single long enough," answered Emma, "and this is a dangerous neighbourhood. To-night one of your men broke into my house and behaved in a most ungentlemanly manner, to say the least of it. I defended myself as best I could and I fear he came to serious hurt. I could not stand my loneliness a moment longer and came straight to Henry Shapwick here, who agreed to marry me right away for my own safety. Go to my house and bear your comrade away for I do not want to find him there on my return. If he is in a bad way it will at least teach him a lesson in manners, and if he is dead, well, the world will not be a great deal poorer for his loss."

The officer bowed stiffly and went out. The mangy one was still alive when he reached the farm but he died soon afterwards and no more was said about it.

Mr. and Mrs. Shapwick lived together for many years at the farm. She bore him no children and never really loved him, for it had been a marriage of convenience if ever there was one. They did not do much more smuggling after that exciting night, for Emma had made enough for them to live on in reasonable comfort for the rest of their days. Henry gradually merged from smuggler to farmer and eventually made the place a fairly profitable little concern. For forty years he served Emma with the same stolid faithfulness that he had shown in their more adventurous days. For that she liked him well without loving him as a wife should. She outlived him by many years and on her yearly pilgrimage to Kinson Church she did remember to say a little prayer for him.

But as she listened to the soft-spoken young parson (for John Hall was long since dead) she thought also of that desperate night when, with the barrels in the belfry, the excisemen stood singing hymns at her wedding while the barrels were got safely out of the tower.

END

I.I.45

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Sausage Toad

1 level tablespoon Dried Egg dry, 4 oz. flour, pinch of salt, ½ pint milk and water mixed, a knob of fat, 1 lb. sausages. Mix dry ingredients, add sufficient liquid to make a thick batter. Beat well. Add the rest of the liquid and beat again. Melt the fat in a tin, put in sausages and return to oven. When fat is smoking hot pour in batter, and bake in a very hot oven for 30 minutes. *Serves 4.*

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